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# Collier's

## *for* Christmas

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

VOL FIFTY NO 13

Price 25 Cents

DECEMBER 14 1912



## A Remarkable Record

**W**E are, and have been, over 3,000 cars behind immediate shipping orders ever since last August—when this model was first introduced. Dealers contracted for 39,000 cars before we made a public announcement; one dealer alone took 4,000; in thirty days Europe had arranged for \$1,000,000 worth.

We have planned and prepared for our 1913 production of 40,000 cars. Eight thousand skilled mechanics in a factory covering over

eighty acres are working day and night to fill present and persistent orders.

There are over 3,000 Overland dealers in all parts of the world. Look up the one in your town. See this car, and you will more readily understand what a really brilliant and remarkable achievement this exceptional value is.

Our catalogue is big, beautiful and interesting—and it's free.



# \$985 Completely Equipped \$985

Self-Starter

30-Horse-power

5-Passenger Touring Car

110-Inch Wheel Base

Timken Bearings

Center Control

Remy Magneto

Warner Speedometer

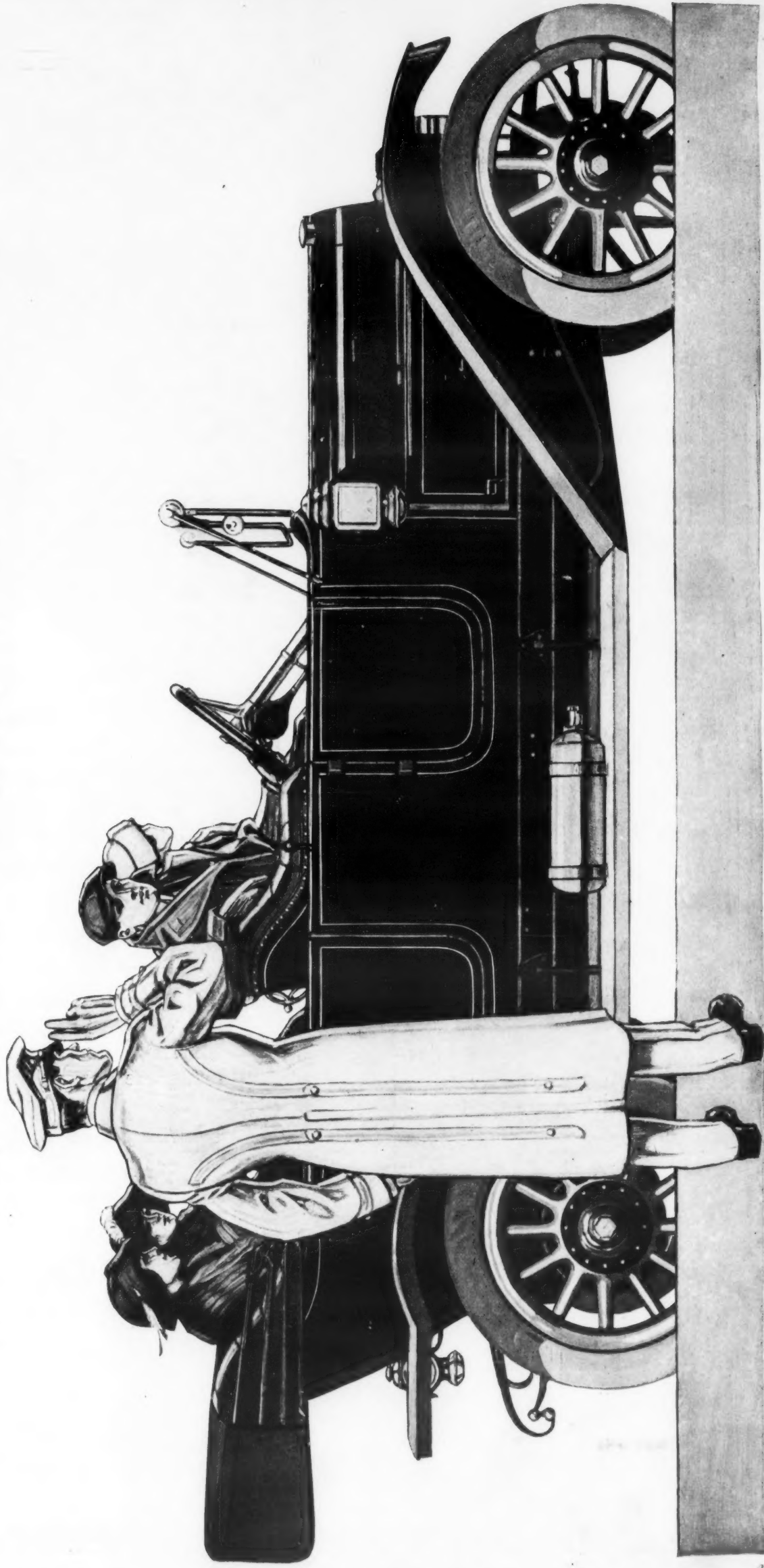
Mohair Top and Boot

Clear Vision-Rain-Vision

Wind Shield

Prestolite Tank

## The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.





Which are the

Look carefully over your supply of prepared foods.

You are sure to find some of them labelled (as the law requires) with the several preservatives, colorings or the adulterants they contain and other foods just as impure, bearing nothing to show it.

Two distinct classes of adulterating

There is hardly a larder in the country—outside of Westfield, Massachusetts—which does not contain some foods that are adulterated, unclean, low-grade—fraudulent.

*Yours is no exception—look it over and see for yourself.*

Stop guessing about your food supply. Stop paying daily tribute to the food fakers.

Give your children a fair chance to grow up into healthy men and women by insuring them safe, nutritious food. Don't take chances with foods that contain "slow poisons."

Send today for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods and hereafter benefit by the constructive work that has been carried on for over nine years by the expert food chemists of this Pure Food Town.

ON THESE PAGES ARE SHOWN A FEW OF THE PRODUCTS

LIST





# re the Pure Foods on your Pantry Shelves?

your  
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embalmers, pack evil foods—which you and your unsuspecting, hard-working grocer are buying.

The first trades on your carelessness in the bustle of buying, and makes his confession in the smallest of type, in an inconspicuous place on his label or carton.

Number two relies on your confidence in your grocer—your helplessness

and his—and deliberately conceals the real nature of a vicious product by a cleverly worded and misleading label.

The flabby federal food law as “softly enforced” as public opinion will allow, gives you and your family but meager protection against these dishonest products and their unscrupulous sponsors.

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This book lists in classified form, 117 distinct classes of food-products and mentions a number of brands under each of these classes. Every product it names has passed conclusive, impartial tests and under the Westfield standard of food purity is definitely known to be pure, clean and nutritious.

With a copy of this certified guide to pure foods hanging by your telephone or carried with you to the grocer, you are absolutely sure that what you buy is in every way fit for you and your family.

Here at last is a definite way of knowing that ALL the foods on your pantry shelves are pure.

## Send for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

field  
fter  
hat  
ears  
this

Fill out the coupon on this page and send it with ten cents in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. Use it every day as your buying guide.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods is the net result of over 20,000 impartial tests expressed in the handy compact form of a classified list of food products each of which has been conclusively proven pure and of high grade.

Although it cannot mention every pure food made yet it covers nearly all food products nationally distributed by the grocery trade.

Products mentioned in The Westfield Book of Pure Foods are definitely known to be pure. Products not mentioned may or may not be.

You are certain to find at your grocer's several of the brands under any heading, and as the names and addresses of the makers are given, your grocer can easily supply you with any brand that he does not carry.

The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Send for it—tell your friends—show it to your grocer—use it yourself

### TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS. 18-14-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me the “Westfield Book of Pure Foods.”

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....

My Grocer is.....

Name.....

Address.....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

UCT  
LISTED IN THE WESTFIELD BOOK OF PURE FOODS

For A Present To A  
Friend Or For Your  
Own Use.

This handsome  
GUARANTEED 14-kt.  
Solid Gold DIAMOND  
POINT

"Elector"

The  
ELEC-  
TOR  
FOUN-  
TAIN  
PEN is war-  
ranted abso-  
lutely by the  
one year guar-  
antee certificate  
which is enclosed in  
box with each pen.

Absolutely non-leak-  
able, will not soil the  
fingers, scientifically con-  
structed, always ready for  
use, writes freely, clearly  
and easily.

Sold by all good stores.  
If your dealer does not carry it,  
send order with \$1.00 and your  
dealer's name direct.

Send for the "WRITE BOOK"  
Containing Many Styles of GOOD  
GUARANTEED FOUNTAIN  
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Diamond Point Pen Co.

Largest Makers of Good Guaranteed  
Fountain Pens in the World.

43 W. 19th St., New York



Write  
Today  
and  
Learn  
How to

Save \$35.00

We have a mighty interesting proposition to  
make to the man or woman who wants to own  
a good typewriter. It will pay you to know  
something of it. Send us your name and  
address at once. We will immediately send  
you all the details of how you can save money  
and at the same time secure one of the  
finest typewriters that is being sold—the

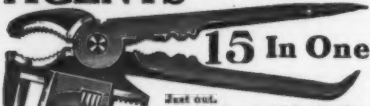
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Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements,  
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Writing always visible. Universal keyboard.

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Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS BIG PROFIT



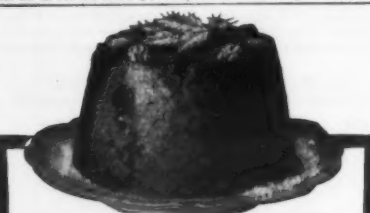
15 In One

Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination.  
Low priced. Agents aroused. Sales easy. Every home needs  
tools. Here are 15 tools in one. Essex, Co., N. Y. agent sold 100  
first few days. Mechanics in shop sold 50 to fellow workmen.  
Big snap to business. Just write a postal—any. Give me special  
confidential terms. Two-inch sample free if you mean business.  
THOMAS MFG. CO., 5789 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

Inventions Sought by Capital. Write for free Book.

PATENTS that PAY BEST

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 12, Washington, D. C.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING

No Christmas Dinner is complete without  
an Old-fashioned Christmas Pudding. Use  
the following fine recipe with

BORDEN'S  
EAGLE BRAND  
CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Dilute two-thirds can of Borden's  
Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with one and  
one-fourth cups of water. Beat eight eggs very  
light; add to them half the milk and beat both  
together; stir in gradually one pound of  
crumbled crackers; then add one pound suet  
(chopped fine), one grated nutmeg, one table-  
spoonful cloves, pinch of salt,  
and two pounds raisins (washed  
afterstoning and cutting them);  
lastly, add the remainder of the  
milk. Pour into a pudding  
mould and steam six hours.  
Serve with vanilla sauce.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book  
BORDEN'S  
CONDENSED MILK CO.  
"Leaders of Quality"  
Est. 1857 New York

## Merry Christmas

No. 101

Thackeray says in  
"Roundabout the  
Christmas Tree,"

"We have all admired  
the illustrated papers,  
and noted how boi-  
sterously jolly they be-  
come at Christmas

time. What wassail-bowls, robin red-breasts,  
waits, snow-landscapes—bursts of Christmas  
song. And then to think that these Christ-  
mas festivities are prepared months ahead!

"I often think, with gratitude, of the famous  
Mr. Nelson Lee, author of I don't know how  
many hundred glorious pantomimes—walking  
by the summer wave at Margate, revolving in  
his mind the idea of some new, gorgeous spec-  
tacle, which the winter shall see complete.

"He is like the cook who gets up at midnight  
and sets the pudding a-boiling, which is to  
feast us at six o'clock.

"He watches and thinks. He pounds the  
sparkling sugar of benevolence, the plums of  
fancy, the sweetmeats of fun, the figs of fairy  
fiction—and pops the whole into the seething  
cauldron of imagination and at due season  
serves up the pantomime.

"How kind of artists and poets to devise these  
festivities beforehand and serve them pat at  
the proper time."

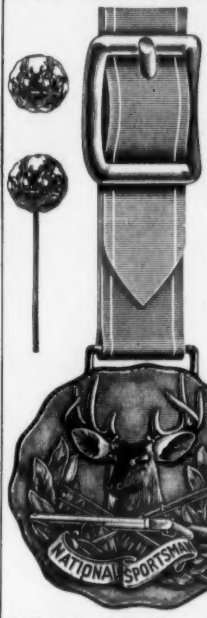
*A. B. Z. Hammel*

Manager Advertising Department

You Like to HUNT and FISH

YOU LIKE TO GO

CAMPING,—



then surely you will enjoy the  
National Sportsman mag-  
azine, with its 160 richly il-  
lustrated pages, full of over-  
flowing with interesting stories  
and valuable information about  
guns, fishing tackle, camp out-  
fits—the best place to go for  
fish and game, and a thousand  
and one valuable "How to"  
hints for sportsmen. The  
National Sportsman is just  
like a big camp fire in the  
woods where thousands of good  
fellows gather once a month  
and spin stirring yarns about  
their experiences with rod, dog,  
rifle, and gun. Think of it,  
twelve round trips to the woods  
for a \$1.00 bill!

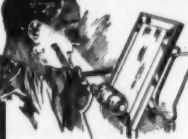
Special Trial  
Offer

Just to show you what it's  
like, we will send you the  
National Sportsman mag-  
azine for three  
months and your  
choice of a handsome  
National Sports-  
man Brother hood  
emblem in the form  
of a Lapel Button,  
a Scarf Pin, or a  
Watch Fob, as you  
prefer. No money  
needed. Just send  
off 2 cents in stamps  
or coin. Don't de-  
lay—join our great  
big Hunting, Fishing,  
Camping, Nature-lov-  
ing National Sports-  
man Brotherhood today.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN  
MAGAZINE

91 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Solves a Christmas Problem  
—What to Give a Man



Any man who gives himself  
will get an immense amount  
of enjoyment from a gift of  
The Searchlight  
Shaving Mirror

Made of best French Boreal  
plate, 8 in. square—equipped  
with an adjustable electric  
Searchlight that concentrates  
all the light on the face below  
the eyes. No light in eyes or  
mirror to dazzle the sight. Eyes are in soft shadow.

A Perfect Mirror for Women, too  
Ideal for use for facial treatment, hairdressing.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

The Searchlight Mirror connects to any electric lamp socket  
by a long cord, supplied free. Use it anywhere, — home or  
traveling. Stands or hangs at any angle. Strong, handsome  
frame folds compactly.

Send us \$5.00 on the distinct guarantee that if you wish to return the  
mirror your money will be returned without question or delay. Order now  
for Christmas. Write today for illustrated, descriptive circular showing  
the many uses for the Searchlight Mirror.

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Novelties. Greatest Line of Miniature Electric Rail-  
ways and parts; Xmas Tree Lighting Outfits and Toys, etc.—  
Telephone, Telegraph and Wireless Sets; Motors, Dynamos, In-  
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for the experimenter. Catalog with valuable coupon sent only  
for 4 cents in stamps or coin (no postal answer needed).

VOLTAMP ELECTRICAL MFG. CO., Rock Building, Baltimore, Md.

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LAW  
AT  
HOME  
The oldest and most successful school in  
the world, teaching law by the correspond-  
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catalog and testimonials, showing how  
thousands of ambitious men, through its  
Regular College Course, became suc-  
cessful practitioners, and how other thou-  
sands climbed to commanding business  
positions by taking The Business Law  
Course. Easy Payment Plan.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law,  
248 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white  
synthetic—LOOK LIKE DIAMONDS.  
Stand acid and fire diamond tests.  
So hard they easily scratch a file and will  
cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years.  
All mounted in 14K solid cold diamond mounting. Will  
send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all  
charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for  
free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Sals Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

Character Make-Up, Red Bald Wig, Ringing Whisk-  
ers, Grease Paint, Wax Nose, Clay Pipe, \$1.00. Send  
three 3c stamps for complete catalogue of Wigs,  
Plays and Make-Up Material; also Art of Making Up.  
B. TRADEMORE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," 128 pages  
practical facts, 160 beautiful pic-  
tures. Latest improved methods to raise poultry.  
All about world's famous Runner Ducks, 50 other  
varieties pure-bred poultry. This Book, lowest  
prices, fowls, eggs, incubators, etc., only 5 cents.  
BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 32, Clarinda, Iowa.

Bind Your Collier's

A handsome binder with title stamped  
in gold on maroon cloth—morocco  
back and corners. Patent clasps make  
it easy to put in the new issue each  
week. Holds one volume.

Sent prepaid for \$1.25

P. F. COLLIER & SON  
416 West Thirteenth St., New York



## WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

The predominant use of White Motor Trucks by the foremost  
mercantile and manufacturing firms, not only in the United States, but  
throughout the world, is the most convincing proof of their superior  
merit in practically every line of service.

A Few Well-Known Owners of White Squadrons

American Can Company	Joseph Horne Company
American Chile Company	Hudson's Bay Company
American Steel and Wire Company	Illinois Steel Company
Armour and Company	McCreery and Company
Berghoff Brewing Association	National Cash Register Company
Booth Fisheries Company	Pabst Brewing Company
Brazilian Government	Philippine Islands Government
Coca-Cola Company	Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Cudahy Packing Company	Remington Typewriter Company
Diamond Rubber Company	Russian Government
T. Eaton and Company, Ltd.	W. and J. Sloane
Marshall Field and Company	Standard Oil Company
Gimbel Brothers	United Cigar Stores Company
B. F. Goodrich Company	United States Government
Gulf Refining Company	Winchester Repeating Arms Company

White Motor Trucks are built in capacities of 3, 4, 1 1/2, 3 and 5 tons,  
and all models are uniform throughout in parts and design, thus making  
them the most practical for the standardization of delivery or transpor-  
tation service. Literature and detailed information furnished on request.

Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs

The White Motor Company  
Cleveland



# 10 Chocolate Bon-Bons

**Yours to Try if You Will Pay the Postage**

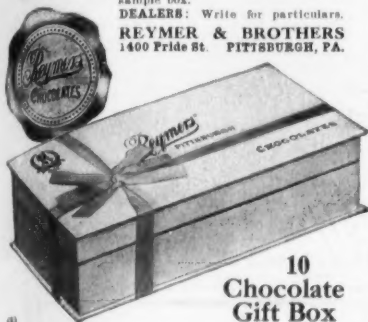
Wonderful chocolates they are, each with a luscious fruit or nut or cream center, that blends exquisitely with the rich chocolate coat. Each is different—each a surprise. The 10 packed in a beautiful little box, tied with golden ribbons. Sent you without charge if you will pay the postage—enclose five 2-cent stamps in your letter and mention your dealer's name.

**Reymers BEST**

are chocolates made for candy epicures, people whose cultivated palates instantly recognize rare quality. In Pittsburgh they outsell all others, and Pittsburgh people are noted for a discriminating taste.

Packed in very handsome boxes—most suitable for gifts. We send you a descriptive booklet with the sample box.

**DEALERS:** Write for particulars.  
**REYMER & BROTHERS**  
1400 Fifth St. PITTSBURGH, PA.



**10 Chocolate Gift Box**

## Fire-Proof

Don't take chances putting hot ashes in open barrels, or rusty cans. Use

**Witt's Cans and Pails**

—the really fireproof cans and pails. All steel, deeply corrugated. Tight fitting lid keeps in all sparks and ashes. At all dealers or direct. Three sizes of cans and pails. Look for the yellow label.

**THE WITT CORNICE CO.**  
Dept. 7 Cincinnati, Ohio



# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 14, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 13  
**P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS**  
ROBERT J. COLLIER, President  
E. C. PATTERSON, Vice President and General Manager  
FRANKLIN COB, Treasurer  
CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary  
416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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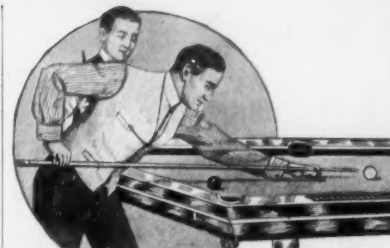
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TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street.

Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents.

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## How About a Game of Billiards

You play, don't you? If not Billiards, perhaps Pool? No games are more fascinating. Everyone enjoys them. But you will never know them at their best until you have your own Table and play with your family and friends in the home atmosphere.

## Our Catalog of BURROWES Billiard and Pool Tables

will show you how easy and inexpensive it is to have a Combination Billiard and Pool Table in your home. No special room is needed. Table can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or stand. Set aside in a moment when not in use.

The catalog is free. It shows the styles, sizes and prices of Burrowes Tables. You will be impressed with their splendid construction and astonished at the

### Wonderfully Easy Terms

Prices are from \$15 up. All tables are sold for a small amount down (in some cases as little as \$1), and very easy monthly payments. Necessary playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free.

### FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

**E. T. BURROWES CO., 410 Center Street, Portland, Me.**

## 25 fragrant smokes 50 cents

Spuhler's clear Havana Tobacs are a delightful, sweet, quality smoke. Sold direct to the consumer through my Pittsburgh stores and by mail. I reduce your tobacco bills and give you the benefit of improved quality. Send for my special introductory offer; sample box of 25 Tobacs (12 varieties) for 50 cents, postpaid. Contains at least one kind that suits your taste. Free booklet.

**LEO J. SPUHLER, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Christmas boxes shipped direct fresh from factory.



The Royal Gorge, Colo.

Feather River Canyon, California

Crescent Needle, Colo.

## "SEE AMERICA"

Travelers to California's Popular Winter Resorts should journey by way of

## Denver & Rio Grande Western Pacific

"The Royal Gorge-Feather River Route"

This Scenic Highway forms the Most Beautiful Line of Continuous Travel in America

The Traveler by this route is enabled to view the Marvelous Scenic Attractions of the Rockies, the Great Salt Beds of Utah and the Wonders of the Sierras, from the Car Windows Without Extra Expense for Side Trips

## Unexcelled Dining Car Service

Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars Chicago and St. Louis to San Francisco and Los Angeles Every Day in the Year

Any Ticket Agent in America, on request, will ticket you via

Denver & Rio Grande Western Pacific

Illustrated Descriptive Literature Free on application to

**Frank A. Wadleigh, General Passenger Agent**  
Denver & Rio Grande Railroad  
Denver, Colorado

## Broadway Limited



## 20 Hours New York and Chicago

Leave NEW YORK:  
Pennsylvania Station - 2.45 P. M.  
Hudson Terminal - 2.45 P. M.  
Arrive CHICAGO - 9.45 A. M.

Leave CHICAGO - 12.40 P. M.  
Arrive NEW YORK:  
Hudson Terminal - 9.36 A. M.  
Pennsylvania Station - 9.40 A. M.

One Block from Broadway

All Steel Equipment



## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



## All-Year-Around Service

**T**O GET full value from your motor car, you should select one which is suitable for all-the-year-round-service.

Abbott-Detroit automobiles are.

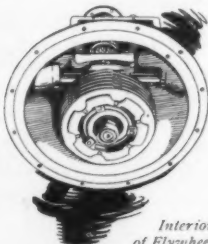
In the first place, they are driven by powerful Continental motors which have sufficient reserve power to meet all emergencies.

Each unit conveying the power from the fly wheel to the wheels is an equally efficient mechanical device.

Practically no power is lost.

### THE CLUTCH

The clutch which is of dry, multiple disc type is composed of 17 steel discs, each alternate one faced with a combination of copper wire mesh and asbestos which will not burn.



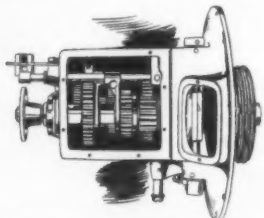
Interior of Flywheel Case Showing Multiple Disc Clutch.

When this clutch is operated, there is a total absence of all gripping, jarring and jumping, the motor taking hold gradually but firmly.

Owing to the large amount of friction surface, this clutch is most efficient and may be slipped without harm or excessive wear.

Those who have driven cars through heavy mud and winter snows, know how valuable is this ability.

Another thing, in the cone clutch, the revolving part attached to the transmission is so large and heavy that the inertia of such a mass of metal tends to keep the clutch in motion and renders it almost impossible to shift the gears readily; without producing that clashing and rasping noise so disagreeable to the occupant of the car and others nearby.



Transmission and Clutch Unit with Inspection Covers off

In the multiple disc clutch however, this inertia is reduced to a minimum and the gears may be shifted while the speed of the car is being reduced or accelerated, without the attendant disagreeable and deteriorating effects.

It wears very little and seldom requires adjustment.

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 is being printed in serial form. This is the sixth of the series. The seventh will appear in Saturday Evening Post January 18, 1913, Collier's Weekly January 11, Life January 9, Literary Digest January 4. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

### ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

### THE TRANSMISSION

The transmission, which is of the three-speed forward and reverse sliding gear type, is situated just behind the clutch and its case is bolted direct to the engine crank case, so that the whole power plant forms one unit.

The main shaft and countershaft gears, the faces of which are 1" in width, 1/4 of an inch wider than those usually used in other cars of this class, are made of 3 1/2 per cent. nickel steel, very accurately machined, ground and mounted upon Timken roller bearings.

The transmission and clutch case is oil and dust-proof and the gears and shafts run in a specially prepared lubricating compound.

If desired, the interior of the transmission case may be easily inspected, by the removal of the top cover plate.

The Abbott-Detroit transmission is one of the most compact and efficient change speed gears that has ever been placed in a motor car.

It has been built for severe service and for that reason will be found to be particularly adapted for hard winter use, when, on account of the changing character of the road it is necessary to shift gears often.

### NOISELESS RUNNING

Hard winter driving will in many cars develop a noisy transmission and rear axle.

We have tried to save our owners this humiliation by paying special attention to the

**Abbott-Detroit**

Built for Permanence  
and Guaranteed for Life

manufacture of all of the gears used in our power plant and transmission machinery.

### OTHER DETAILS

Some other things should be mentioned as important for your consideration when buying a car which you expect to drive the year round.

There should

be ample road

clearance, an

absence of

projecting

parts below

the frame, a

protected

steering gear,

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## Out of the East

By Bliss Carman

**W**HEN the three kings from the Sunrise,  
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar,  
With their dusty train of camels,  
Having journeyed from afar,  
Drew together to the resthouse  
In the hush beneath the Star,

"Gaspar, thou great lord of nations,"  
Said the scholar Melchior,  
"Thine are fame and power and treasure  
And great age. Go thou before!"  
Thus they stooped to pass the lintel,  
Where rough shepherds thronged the door.

"Little Lord, we bring Thee homage,"  
Low was graybeard Gaspar's bow;  
Bright the gold he bore; but brighter  
The soft light about that brow.  
"From the ancient East with tribute  
We are come. Whence comest Thou?"

Then the Son of Mary laughing  
Grasped the ruler's strong sword hand,  
And a softening thrill ran through it,  
As if with a new command  
Saying, "Let peace go before thee,  
Like the dawn from land to land!"

Musing, scarlet-robed King Gaspar  
Stood aside. In vesture blue,  
Melchior bowed his sage head, saying:  
"Master, if our stars tell true,  
Thou art come with greater knowledge  
To make all our science new."

As the mystic myrrh he proffered,  
Jesus lifted up His eyes  
With the grave regard of childhood;  
And that look of the All-wise  
Melchior, with his scrolls of learning,  
Will remember till he dies.

Last in turn with radiant bearing  
Came young gold-robed Balthasar,  
He who ever had been foremost  
In the leading of the Star,  
With his gold hair on his shoulders,  
Fair of face without a scar.

And ere ever he had knelt him,  
With his greeting still unsaid,  
And his fealty still unoffered,  
Lo, the young Child's arms are spread,  
And against the young king's shoulder  
Sinks to rest that darling head.

Said old Gaspar as they traveled  
Homeward through the purple hour,  
When the sunset turned the desert  
Into one great glowing flower,  
And the camel bells were tinkling  
Softly: "What a thing is power!"

"I foresee Him Prince of princes,  
Overlord of emperors;  
Royal ones to do Him reverence,  
Sons of kings to keep His doors;  
While great satraps bear His edicts  
That shall make an end of wars."

"Nay," said Melchior, "is knowledge  
Not a greater thing,—to know  
What this life means, whither tending  
In its turbid coil and flow?  
Surely, lords, the Son of woman  
Only can be Godlike so!"

Then the youngest, smiling: "Seniors,  
Truly power must build the wall  
For the princely house of knowledge,  
Lest the evil chance befall.  
Yet my heart will not be gainsaid,  
Love is first and best of all."

Thus across the silent desert  
Moved the winding caravan,  
With these seekers after wisdom  
And the high concerns of man,  
While the shining constellations  
Marched across their mighty span.





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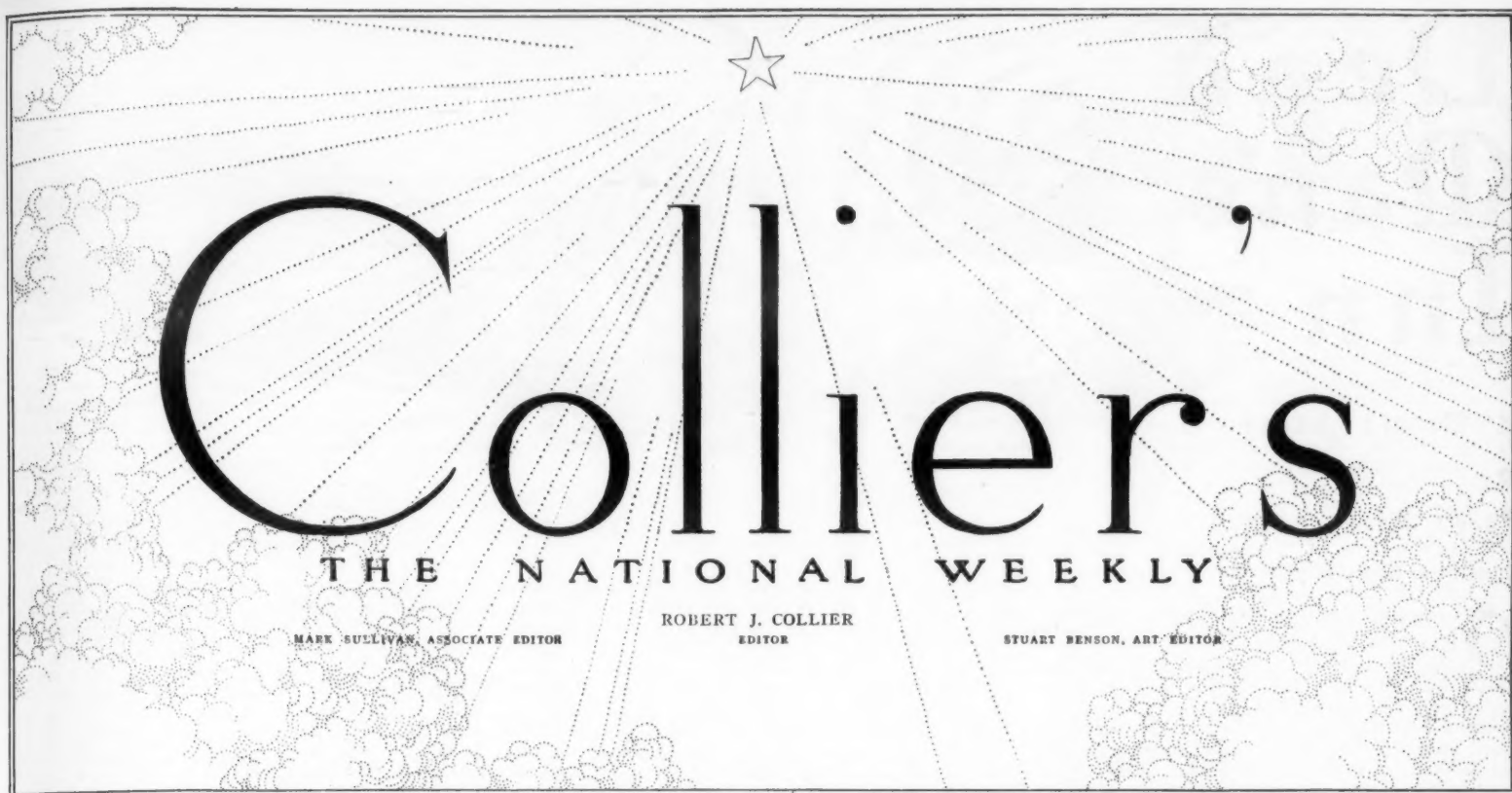
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## Jenny's Christmas

*"Vengeance of Jenny's case? Fie, on her! Never name her, child!"*

**S**UCH was Mrs. Quickly's verdict, and such doubtless would be Mrs. Grundy's as she slams the door in Jenny's face on Christmas morning.

But Rossetti in his moving poem, which tells of this poor Magdalen of the London streets,

*Lazy laughing languid Jenny,  
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,*

breathes for her a kinder aspiration:

*If but a woman's heart could see  
Such erring heart unerringly!*

And now of a truth Jenny's case is being pitifully considered by her own sex.

Magazines contrived for our own daughters' reading tell of her, her brief day of finery, her swift and shabby end; books are being written—not heavy scientific books which forget Jenny is a human being, but readable books, human books by noble women like Jane Addams—all about Jenny and her age-long problem. And the day seems at hand when Jenny's case, which has lain so long in the dusty pigeonholes of Time, is about to get a hearing.

We know something now of her ill-protected childhood, of what dangers lurk for her on her way home from factory or shop; we know of her humble reaching toward Romance and how a bitter snare was made of her dream of love. We have heard, too, the story of those who deal in her body, white young image of God's house, for profit, and of the poison distilled from that profanation which shall be visited upon our sons and daughters.

It seems incredible, now we look backward on it, that the thousands of men who went unquestioningly to death for a principle fifty years ago and the wives and mothers who sent them forth should have been satisfied to ignore that other world-wide slavery not alone of body but of soul with whose continuance, if they but knew, was bound up the well-being of the race.

Now at last Jenny is beginning to find defenders. Now at last editors and preachers, novelists and social workers, are found to tell her story, to cry out her miseries upon the world. But for the uncounted Jennies of the past who shall make answer?

And there are those to-day, camp followers of the great crusade, who are willing to trade upon Jenny's plight, writers willing to masquerade as moralists in order to sell their prurient wares. These authors of "best sellers" portray for our shop girls and stenographers the luxurious ease in which Jenny lives, her charming gowns, the fashionable background of her downfall. These enemies of Jenny—who subject her to the salacious curiosity of a second-class De Maupassant for fifteen cents a copy—are the more insidious because they make plain speaking harder: having them in mind it is easier to sympathize with the prudery of a generation which protected the ears and the eyes of its women.

We are asking our women to-day to come out of the Early Victorian comfort of false silences and to listen this Christmas morning to the cry of Jenny. She has been waiting many centuries from her sisters for that which Jesus did not refuse.

# Dead Man's Inn

## A Pirate Story

By

Ralph Bergengren

Illustrated by John Sloan



ON THE moonlit deck of a small, rakish-looking, black schooner, holding her eastward way across Massachusetts Bay, August 22, 182-, eight busy pirates, each wearing a long white ribbon with the inspiring word "Temperance" in gold letters, actively unloaded a miscellaneous collection of kegs, puncheons, casks, hogsheads, bottles, jugs, flasks, demijohns, flacons, and decanters of liquor into the ocean. It was an unusual spectacle. Pirates, as a rule, were more likely to be found unloading liquor into themselves. But these men were unquestionably in sober earnest. Sometimes they fiercely knocked in the head of a cask or barrel, but more often they hove it bodily overboard, and ran for another without stopping to see the fine, big, phosphorescent splash that it made in the water. Like all pirates, they worked to what they honestly considered music. A handsome but repellantly evil man, whose long yellow mustaches hung damp with perspiration, carried a kind of solo, and seven harsh voices wrestled with the chorus:

*"I fight with th' Demon!  
I fear not his might!  
My body be sound an'  
My conscience be white.  
Temptation, away!  
I will never succumb  
No more to th' cussed  
Ole Demon o' Rum!"*

So declared Yellow Mustaches; and even more militantly wholesome was the wild, enthusiastic chorus:

*"Rum! Rum! Horrible Rum!  
As makes a man silly  
An' then quarrelsome!  
As softens his brain,  
An' as tans his inside,  
An' makes him speak cross  
To his innocent bride!"*

Occupation and song were alike incompatible with piracy as most of us understand it; but any good psychologist, familiar with pirate character and aware that the Great Temperance Revival of 182- was just then in full emotional blast in Salem, would have guessed that these pirates and that revival had somehow or other come together. Piracy was decadent. Few still followed the profession in American waters, and this mere handful, unfortunately for the picturesqueness of our ports, had to be careful. It was their custom, for example, to come ashore in the garments of gentlemen travelers whom they had brutally but carefully murdered (for nothing is worse for a suit of clothes than careless assassination), and chance or curiosity might easily have led them into the Revival Tent. And once there, as all revivals testify, the worst man was likely to be the most impressionable. To-morrow, probably, they would feel a keener remorse for the good deed they were now doing than for any unspeakable crime that had ever disgraced their otherwise pretty schooner. But to-night they were enjoying a saturnalia of total abstinence.

The man with the damp, yellow mustaches tossed a keg of Bourbon XXX lightly overboard, and his vile, sneering laugh followed it.

*"With pure water to drink  
When a man has a thirst,"*

inquired Yellow Mustaches lyrically,

*"Oh, why will he swallow  
Th' likker occurst?  
'Twill burn up his innards  
An' make him become  
A slave to th' cussed  
Ole Demon o' Rum!"*

It was a long, happy job, well on to midnight before they had finished; and as the last hogshead bobbed away aft, they wiped their foreheads and shook hands with

each other gravely. Only the ninth pirate, a stout, bald-headed, unribboned rogue at the helm, stared gloomily forward and shook hands with nobody.

"An' there's a good job done an' over with, mess-mates," said a large, powerful man, holding his thumb to the pale rays of the moon and peering intelligently, as if over a hedge of wild red whiskers, at the splinter he was about to extract with the point of his cutlass. "When that cuss in th' tent said as we'd find it a tussel to give up likker, he were off his reckonin'. Show me a good an' solid argymint as appeals to my mind," he added, digging remorselessly after the splinter, "an' I've a iron will as makes me able to give up anythin'. I ain't a-sayin' as I won't hanker arter a leetle wet now an' agin sociablelike, but when I says to myself: 'Leather stommick, ole feller, leather stommick—!'"

"LEATHER gran'mother's stommick!" grunted the bald-headed man discourteously. "Goin' ashore allus gits us inter trouble. Allus! It's as ef we was a-lookin' fer it, a-steerin' of ourselves inter strange harbors where we ain't got no business. Drink I allus have, an' ef my stommick's a-turnin' to leather, I ain't a-noticed of it; an' wot's more, cuss me! I'd jest as soon have a leather stommick as any other ef it works proper. Who sees yer stommick?" And he relapsed into an inarticulate, grumbling murmur that seemed to come from the uttermost depths of that very organ.

To this question there could hardly be more than one answer, for they all knew that he meant the lining, and at that period operative surgery was still in its hesitating infancy. And it sounded sensible! You knew it was a silly question, a mere imitation of good old common sense, and yet you felt that it had to be answered.

"Th' pint is, Baldie," said the soloist, briskly twirling his handsome mustaches to get the damp out of them, "as we all know now wot likker does to ye, an' we've put enough on't into us to give it a start as I hates to think on. Nobody sees yer silly stommick cos ye're alive, so to speak, an' a-wearin' of it right side out, but ef ye was turned wrong side out an' could see yerself—" Intellectual as he might be (though he hardly looked it), Yellow Mustaches got involved in his own argument and stood twirling his moist, golden fleece helplessly, while the others waited anxiously to learn how he would finish. "Leavin' yer own stommick out on't," he continued. "Wot we've seen to-day be th' colored picturs, normal an' abnormal, an' th' Horrible Example as has a stommick jest like th' abnormal specimen ef ye cut into him. Swallerin' a snake an' havin' th' critter steal away with yer brains is all in yer eye cos ye swallers down, don't ye? An' yer brains is stowed aloft o' where ye begins to swallow. An' as fer steerin' inter places where we ain't got no business, all I axes be who steered us in?"

"It said 'Drink! Drink! Drink!' on th' sign outside th' tent," admitted Bald Head bitterly. "How was a seaman to know as it were a cussed prohibitioner—"

A NONDESCRIPT rascal with a prominent brass nose ring yawned violently—an infectious yawn, for every one of them, except Bald Head, followed his example. It was like a menagerie when one animal begins yawning.

"An' when ye recalls as they uses alcohol to pickle a toad, like the long-whiskered goat showed us," said Nose Ring earnestly, "it stands to reason as rum pickles yer stommick. Arter seein' that pore toad—"

"I like-a zee band—Ahhhhh!" added an excitable little rascal, whose neat brass earrings were rather set off than otherwise by his bronze complexion. "Sign-a zee pledge! Put-a on zee white rib! March-a in zee process!" Sleepy as he was, the nervous little enthusiast made a curious humming noise in his nose that they all guessed was meant for a brass band playing "Yankee Doodle," threw back his shoulders, smoothed out his white ribbon, and marched proudly six steps one way and six steps back again. Nearly everybody loves to march in a procession, al-

though few of us are quite so willing to admit it; but the bald-headed pirate only sniffed disdainfully.

"Ef ye'd a-heard wot some o' th' sensible folks on th' sidewalks was a-sayin'," he remarked crushingly, "yer ears would a-burned till they melted yer silly earrings."

Meantime Red Whisker had dug out the splinter, and now he sheathed his cutlass, stretched his strong arms drowsily, and turned toward the cabin.

"Wot they was a-sayin', Bald Head," he remarked briskly, "don't make no difference. Wot was necessary were to change our habits afore th' stuff did us any more damage, an' we'll all feel better to-morrer fer not havin' th' cussed likker a-stupefyin' of us without our knowin' it. Ye'll feel better yerself, tho' ye don't believe it, ole feller, an' wot I say now be as we all tumble below an' git a good night's sleep afore startin' life over. Come to-morrer mornin'," he added with his feet on the ladder, "an' we'll be that free o' likker as we won't know ourselves."

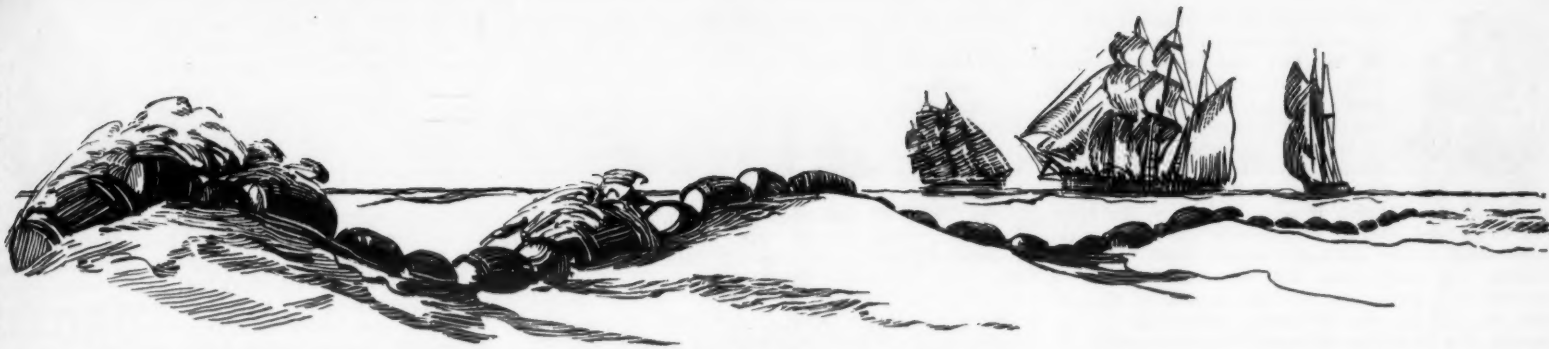
It was good advice, and they all tumbled after him. The wind was fair, the nearest land far to starboard, a lantern swung at the masthead, and in the free-and-easy fashion of their reckless calling they set no watch and left the devil to look after them. Presently the moon set, and countless infinitely distant stars dimly lighted the solitary course of the temperance pirate over the summer ocean. The last hogshead lay more than a mile behind her, and from the lonely taffrail Bald Head, thirsty and sleepless, stared wistfully after it.

THE sun next morning had climbed high enough to send his rays into the cabin when Red Whisker sat up on the edge of his bunk and looked stupidly around him. It was a new day, the beginning of a new life, and the iron-willed miscreant had prepared himself for it by a good night's sleep; but, strange to say, he felt both unhappy and irritable. He forgot his intention, the last thought before he had dropped off to sleep, of springing lightly out of bed, and humming a gay little tune to himself as he pattered up the ladder in his bare feet to see how bright and beautiful and *clean* the world would look to eyes no longer dulled by pleasant but swinish intoxication. Then (he had planned) he would flit merrily to the galley and light the fire, for, in the economy of piracy, it was Red Whisker's turn to get up first and start the breakfast. Ordinarily he did not like getting up first, but in this new, emancipated life every little thing was going to be more enjoyable; and even getting the breakfast, a wild, sweet song of normal human activity. To be up and doing, this lovely morning, with a clear, unclouded mind and all one's faculties working together in perfect harmony—

Red Whisker stared at his toes and wriggled them gloomily. The sunlight annoyed him. Evidently it was going to be another of those cussed dog days! And he had, moreover—perhaps because all his faculties were so much keener and brighter than usual—a curious, disgusted realization that his feet were not beautiful; he felt as though he would like to take them off and throw them at something. What were feet good for anyway? Feet! He said it contemptuously to himself—Feet! Feet! Feet! Feet!—until by degrees the word lost all meaning, became a foreign language, became no language at all—a mere sound, and a silly sound at that. Why weren't they called hands? And if they had been called hands, and hands feet, and your nose your toes, and your eyes your ears—who'd ever have known the difference? And what difference would it have made to anybody? What difference did anything make to anybody? Why were we here and where were we going? Men were born, and worried along through life, and died—and nobody knew where they came from or where they went to: a long, sad, tedious journey on these same silly feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, getting up and getting breakfast and washing the dishes and going to bed and getting up and getting breakfast and washing the dishes and going to bed and getting up and getting breakfast and washing the dishes—Never in his life had Red Whisker felt so hopelessly miserable and at the same time so despairingly resigned to it. Life was like that, he told himself, gloomy and triste (as the French say), and nothing but his own iron will to keep a man from staying in bed till he starved and made an end of it. Just a happy skeleton under a blanket!







Red Whisker sighed heavily, took his nighty off over his head, mechanically picked up his shirt, and began somberly thinking about breakfast. Ordinarily he would have gone on deck and plunged into the ocean, but he felt this morning that he would be unable to resist the temptation of never coming up again. The white ribbon still hung from his shirt and he stared at it curiously. Then the truth burst upon him. This was the new life in whose fond anticipation he had dropped hopefully asleep!!!

IN EVERY existence there comes one moment when it is necessary to think quickly, to decide at once between two alternatives, and to act without hesitation. A leather stomach is one thing, but a leather life is another. A man with an iron will must learn to manage it; sometimes, even, the thing must be disciplined, for slavery is slavery, whether to your own iron will or to somebody else's. With a quick, decisive oath, Red Whisker tore the white ribbon from his shirt, and, without stopping for his trousers (fearing perhaps that

themselves. Still in their nighties, for at that period even the most stylish gentlemen travelers had not yet adopted the pajama, four wicked but pitifully anxious men were searching the cabin; and four bare soles, cunningly side by side on the floor, indicated where two others were feverishly looking under the table. They heard him coming, and the four miscreants grabbed up their cutlasses and turned to meet him with a single cruel, suspicious impulse.

"Wot ye been a-doin' with th' pooty medicine chist, ole feller?" asked Nose Ring with an ominously repressed politeness. "I've got a pain in my stommick—"

It was a wild scene, and the sweet, clear morning sunlight combined with the peaceful garments of night and the trouserless state of their regretful but still indomitable leader to make it even more terrifying. They surrounded him like so many half-dressed tigers, roaring of medicine chests and pains in their stomachs. The four bare soles, still cunningly side by side, backed out from under the tablecloth; and in his own berth the musical pirate reared his graceful figure and

why I feel that I must do what I have done. It will X plain all. I do not think it is fair to those you love to sir prize them with what you do.

This is my mind, dear old friends. I have all ways drank rum, as you well know, and, all though no slave, I am two old to change my ways of life when I can not see the good of such a change. If rum can tan the in sides as they say then my in sides must be like a shoe now, and yet I know well that it works all right, and that is the main thing with an in sides. Looks do not count with me and no man but me can say how my in sides work. No one can see his in sides, but all can feel, and if mine suits me, I say let well a loan. Do not think I am a slave to rum for I am not. I can stop as quick as the next man if I wish. But I do not wish. What is more I think that to stop now would do my in sides more harm than good. By a dam side.

When buck can nears do not think the same it is time for them to part. That is sad but true. Do you not think so? It is a wrench to go but it must be done, and the soon her the bet her. Some times when you come a shore you can come and see your old friend, but I fear you will shun him when you know all.

My plan, which I spoke of, is to keep an Inn.

I have took the small boat, a come pass, food and so fourth and as I row a shore I will pick up the lick her you have cast a drift. You do not want it and it will make a fine stock in trade for my Inn. I will keep my Inn some where near Sail M and you will be one and all well come if you will come. I will not ask you to drink.

Now it is 12 Oh! clock. I hear you all snore as I write this and it makes me sad to go. But I see it is best for all.

I for got to say that the name of my Inn is Dead Man's Inn. Do you not think that is a nice name for an Inn?

So no more now from your old friend,

BALD HEAD.

Serious-minded pirate as he was, Bald Head had evidently had no suspicion that this same idea, minus the tavern, might occur to his abandoned associates. Perhaps the letter suggested it. They looked at each other, and in every reckless but sheepish eye the same thought was clearly enough visible. Another moment and they were all on deck hopefully examining the far horizon.

"The wind's comin' about a leetle," said Red Whisker with something of his usual briskness. "Dead Man's Inn!" he added contemptuously. "Ef we don't overhaul that cussed tavern keeper afore it fogs in, messmates, we'll make Salem and catch him as he comes up th' harbor. An' unless I'm mistaken I knows one or two taverns where they won't hesitate to ask us to drink."

ASHIFTING August fog, rising and falling, now hid the sea and again mistily revealed it—a shimmering, iridescent plain on which a solitary pirate, in a small boat well laden with jugs and demijohns, pulled steadily toward Salem. Evidently the rascal was in no particular hurry. A striped awning, stretched on hoops and ending at the bow in a kind of blunt nose, shielded his bald head from the sun, if it should succeed in piercing the drifting fog bank, and a couple of large holes enabled him to peer out to port or starboard without changing his position. A compass and the remains of a simple breakfast of salt pork, sea biscuit, and a jug of rum rode on the stern sheets of his tiny vessel; and behind it, bobbing and swashing placidly over the long, lazy swells, followed a succession of kegs, hogsheds, puncheons, casks, and barrels skillfully lashed together. Over the opalescent sea, now delicately visible and again fogged in completely, the little procession took on something mysterious and even fairylike. Now you saw it, if you happened to be on shore and looked seaward when the fog lifted, and now you didn't.

It was the second morning since Bald Head had left the schooner. Fortunately many of the rotund objects of which he was in search had been sampled and floated easily in the water. He had been some time collecting them; and now the farther he got away from piracy the more absorbed he became in the idea of keeping a tavern. Noon was approaching, and from his starboard peephole he now and then made out the lovely but not yet fashionable North Shore of Massachusetts. A few more hours and he would be in Salem.

So far, indeed, he had given



Sometimes they fiercely knocked in the head of a cask, but more often they hove it bodily overboard and ran for another without stopping to see the fine, big, phosphorescent splash that it made in the water. It was an unusual spectacle

his iron will would grapple with him while he was putting them on), leaped up the ladder. Little he cared now for names; call it anything you please—feet, pegs, pins, stumps, trotters, Shanks' mare, or the Marrowbone stage—his perambulatory apparatus carried him straight and true to the hold of the schooner. Nor did he pause an instant to enjoy the clean and normal beauty of this lovely summer morning. One keg, one cask, one hoghead, one puncheon (he hoped for a puncheon!), one bottle, one jug, one demijohn, one flask, one flagon, or at least one decanter must have survived the misplaced enthusiasm of the preceding evening. Truly it was amazing what foolish things a man could do when he was sober! And the thoroughness of it! No keg! No cask! No hoghead! No puncheon! No bottle! No jug! No demijohn! No flask! No flagon! No decanter! Nothing but a reminiscent smell that they had been unable to throw overboard! He tore himself from the hold and sped to the taffrail; but the *Tender Polly* was still traveling steadily eastward, and as far as eye could range nothing that could possibly have held one drop of liquor bobbed hopefully on the surface. Water, water was everywhere, but, fortunately for Red Whisker's sanity, he did not know the rest of the quotation. He tore himself from the rail and dashed down into the cabin. If he could get there before any of the others were awake—

Except for Yellow Mustaches, they were awake already—and all, exactly as Red Whisker had himself prophesied, so free of liquor that they hardly knew

sleepily curled the ends of his long, handsome, yellow mustaches.

"He ain't got no medicine chist," he remarked drowsily. "I hove th' chist overboard m'self, messmates."

Faded the last hope; gone overboard; thrown away; vanished forever—and the irretrievableness of it calmed them like a dash of cold water. They sat down on their bunks and regarded each other soberly, which was the only way they had left to regard anybody. Presently each, out of the corner of his eye, looked about for Bald Head, and one after another discovered that Bald Head was missing. His bunk was empty, had not even been slept in. Nothing remained of him but a piece of paper folded and pinned to the pillow. Frankly it was a relief not to see him; and as Red Whisker spread the paper on the table they all gathered soberly behind him and read the letter over his shoulder. Better men than Bald Head, one regrets to think, might have smiled at that letter, for pirates were rarely scholars, and Bald Head's was not an exceptionally brilliant or well-trained intellect. There were erasures; evidently he had worked hard over it. And in one place a spot that might have been either a tear or a drop of perspiration:

DEAR OLD FRIENDS—This is from me, and I take my pen in hand to tell you, dear old friends, that when you wake up you will find it on my pill Oh! and so will know my plan, and what I am a bow to do, and





# The Lost Road

By Richard Harding Davis

Illustrated by W. Morgan

**D**URING the war with Spain, Colton Lee came into the service as a volunteer. For a young man, he always had taken life almost too seriously, and when, after the campaign in Cuba, he elected to make soldiering his profession, the seriousness with which he attacked his new work surprised no one. Finding they had lost him forever, his former intimates were bored, his colonel was enthusiastic, and the men of his troop not only loved him but respected him.

From the start he determined that in his new life women should have no part—a determination that puzzled no one so much as the women, for to Lee no woman, old or young, had found cause to be unfriendly. But he had heard that the army is a jealous mistress who brooks no rival, and that "red lips tarnish the scabbard steel," and that "he travels the fastest who travels alone."

So, when white hands beckoned and pretty eyes signaled, he did not look. For five years, until just before he sailed for his three years of duty in the Philippines, he succeeded not only in not looking, but in building up for himself such a fine reputation as a woman hater that all women were crazy about him. Had he not been ordered to Agawamsett that fact would not have affected him. But at the Officers' School he had indulged in hard study rather than in hard riding, had overworked, had brought back his Cuban fever, and was in poor shape to face the tropics. So, for two months before the transport was to sail, they ordered him to Cape Cod to fill his lungs with the bracing air of a New England autumn.

**H**E SELECTED Agawamsett because, when at Harvard, it was there he had spent his summer vacations, and he knew he would find sailboats and tennis and, through the pine woods back of the little whaling village, many miles of untraveled roads. He promised himself that over these he would gallop an imaginary troop in route marches, would maneuver it against possible ambush, and, in "combat patrols," ground scouts, and cossack outposts, charge with it "as foragers." But he did none of these things. For at Agawamsett he met Frances Gardner, and his experience with her was so disastrous that, in his determination to avoid all women, he was convinced he was right.

When later he reached Manila he vowed no other woman would ever again find a place in his thoughts. No other woman did. Not because he had the strength to keep his vows, but because he so continually thought of Frances Gardner that no other woman had a chance.

Miss Gardner was a remarkable girl. Her charm appealed to all kinds of men, and, unfortunately for Lee, several kinds of men appealed to her. Her fortune and her relations were bound up in the person of a rich aunt with whom she lived, and who, it was understood, some day would leave her all the money in the world. But, in spite of her charm, certainly in spite of the rich aunt, Lee, true to his determination, might not have noticed the girl had not she ridden so extremely well.

**I**T WAS to the captain of cavalry that she first appealed. But even a cavalry captain, whose duty in life is to instruct sixty men in the art of taking the life of as many other men as possible, may turn his head in the direction of a good-looking girl. And when for weeks a man rides at the side of one through pine forests as dim and mysterious as the aisles of a great cathedral, when he guides her across the wet marshes where the sun is setting crimson in the pools and the wind blows salt from the sea, when he loses them both by moonlight in wood roads where the hoofs of the horses sink silently into dusty pine needles, he thinks more frequently of the girl at his side than of the faithful troopers waiting for him in San Francisco. The girl at his side thought frequently of him.

With the "surface indications" of a young man about

to ask her to marry him she was painfully familiar; but this time the possibility was the reverse of painful. What she meant to do about it she did not know, but she did know that she was strangely happy. Between living on as the dependent of a somewhat exacting relative, and becoming the full partner of this young stranger who, with men, had proved himself so masterful and who, with her, was so gentle in his devotion, there seemed but little choice. But she did not as yet wish to make the choice. She wished things to be as they were. She preferred to believe she was not certain. She assured him that, before his leave of absence was over, she would tell him whether she would remain on duty with the querulous aunt, who had befriended her, or as his wife accompany him to the Philippines.

It was not the answer he wanted; but, in her happiness, which was evident to everyone, he could not help but take hope. And in the questions she put to him of life in the tropics, of the life of the "officers' ladies," he saw that what was in her mind was a possible life with him, and he was content.

**S**HE became to him a wonderful, glorious person, and each day she grew in loveliness. It had been five years of soldiering in Cuba, China and on the Mexican border since he had talked to a woman with interest, and now in all she said, in all her thoughts and words and delights, he found fresher and stronger reasons for discarding his determination to remain wedded only to the United States Army. He did not need reasons. He was far too much in love to see in any word or act of hers anything that was not fine and beautiful.

In their rides they had one day stumbled upon a long-lost and long-forgotten road through the woods which she had claimed as their own by right of discovery, and, no matter to what point they set forth each day, they always returned by it. Their way through the woods stretched for miles. It was concealed in a forest of stunted oaks and black pines, with no sign of human habitation, save here and there a clearing now



When for weeks a man rides at the side of one through pine forests as dim and mysterious as the aisles of a great cathedral

long neglected and alive only with goldenrod. Trunks of trees, moss grown and crumbling beneath the touch of the ponies' hoofs, lay in their path, and above it the branches of a younger generation had clasped hands. At their approach squirrels raced for shelter, woodcock and partridge shot deeper into the network of vines and saplings, and the click of the steel as the ponies tossed their bits, and their own whispers alone disturbed the silence.

"It is an enchanted road," said the girl, "or maybe we are enchanted."

"Not I," cried the young man loyally. "I was never so sane, never so sure, never so happy in knowing just what I wanted! If only you could be as sure!"

One day she came to him in high excitement with a book of verse. "He has written a poem," she cried, "about our own woods, about our lost road! Listen!" she commanded, and she read to him:

"They shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago.

Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know

There was once a road through the woods  
Before they planted the trees.

It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
And the thin anemones.

Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ringdove broods,

And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.

"Yet, if you enter the woods

Of a summer evening late, [pools  
When the night air cools on the trout-ringed  
Where the otter whistles his mate.

(They fear not men in the woods

Because they see so few),

You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,

And the swish of a skirt in the dew,

Steadily cantering through

The misty solitudes,

As though they perfectly knew

The old lost road through the woods. . . .

But there is no road through the woods."

"I don't like that at all," cried the soldier man. "It's too—too sad—it doesn't give you any encouragement. The way it ends I mean: 'But there is no road through the woods.' Of course there's a road! For us, there always will be. I'm going to make sure. I'm going to buy those woods, and keep the lost road where we can always find it."

"I don't think," said the girl, "that he means a real road."

"I know what he means," cried the lover; "and he's wrong! There is a road, and you and I have found it, and we are going to follow it for always."

The girl shook her head, but her eyes were smiling happily.

The "season" at Agawamsett closed with the tennis tournament, and it was generally conceded fit and proper, from every point of view, that in mixed doubles Lee and Miss Gardner should be partners. Young Stedman, the Boston artist, was the only one who made objection. Up in the sail loft that he had turned into a studio he was painting a portrait of the lovely Miss Gardner, and he protested that the three days' tournament would sadly interrupt his work. And Frances, who was very much interested in the portrait, was inclined to agree.

**B**UT Lee beat down her objections. He was not at all interested in the portrait. He disapproved of it entirely. For the sittings robbed him of Frances during the better part of each morning, and he urged that when he must so soon leave her, between the man who wanted her portrait and the man who wanted her, it would be kind to give her time to the latter.

"But I had no idea," protested Frances, "he would take so long. He told me he'd finish it in three sittings. But he's so critical of his own work that he goes over it again and again. He says that I am a most difficult subject, but that I inspire him. And he says, if I will only give him time, he believes this will be the best thing he has done."

"That's an awful thought," said the cavalry officer. "You don't like him," reproved Miss Gardner. "He is always very polite to you."

"He's polite to everybody," said Lee; "that's why I don't like him. He's not a real artist. He's a courtier. God gave him a talent, and he makes a mean use of it. Uses it to flatter people. He's like these long-haired violinists who play anything you ask them to in the lobster palaces."

**M**ISS GARDNER looked away from him. Her color was high and her eyes very bright.

"I think," she said steadily, "that Mr. Stedman is a great artist, and some day all the world will think so, too!"

Lee made no answer. Not because he disagreed with her estimate of Mr. Stedman's genius—he made no pretense of being an art critic—but because her vehement admiration had filled him with sudden panic.

He was not jealous. For that he was far too humble. Indeed, he thought himself so utterly unworthy of Frances Gardner that the fact that to him she might prefer some one else in no way surprised him. He only knew that if she should prefer some one else, not all his troop horses nor all his men could put Humpty Dumpty back again.

But if, in regard to Mr. Stedman, Miss Gardner had for a moment been at odds with the man who loved her, she made up for it the day following on the tennis court. There she was in accord with him in heart, soul,

and body, and her sharp, "Well played, partner," thrilled him like one of his own bugle calls. For two days against visiting and local teams they fought their way through the tournament, and the struggle with her at his side filled Lee with a great happiness. Not that the championship of Agawamsett counted greatly to one exiled for three years to live among the Moros. He wanted to win because she wanted to win. But his happiness came in doing something in common with her, in helping her and in her helping him, in being, if only in play, if only for three days, her "partner."

AFTER they won they walked home together, each swinging a fat, heavy loving cup. On each was engraved:

"Mixed doubles, Agawamsett, 1910."

Lee held his up so that the setting sun flashed on the silver.

"I am going to keep that," he said, "as long as I live. It means you were once my 'partner.' It's a sign that once we two worked together for something and won." In the words, the man showed such feeling that the girl said soberly:

"Mine means that to me, too. I will never part with mine, either."

Lee turned to her and smiled, appealing wistfully.

"It seems a pity to separate them," he said. "They'd look well together over an open fireplace."

The girl frowned unhappily. "I don't know," she protested. "I don't know."

The next day Lee received from the War Department a telegram directing him to "proceed without delay" to San Francisco, and there to embark for the Philippines.

That night he put the question to her directly, but again she shook her head unhappily; again she said: "I don't know!"

So he sailed without her, and each evening at sunset as the great transport heaved her way across the swell of the Pacific he stood at the rail and looked back. With the aid of the first officer he calculated the difference in time between a whaling village situated at forty-four degrees north, and an army transport dropping rapidly toward the equator, and so, each day, kept in step with the girl he loved.

Now, he would tell himself, she is in her cart in front of the post office, and, while they sort the morning mail, she gossips with the fisher folks, the summer folks, the grooms and chauffeurs. Now she is sitting for her portrait to Stedman (he did not dwell long on that part of her day) and now she is at tennis, or, as she promised, riding alone at sunset down our lost road through the woods.

But that part of her day from which Lee hurried was that part over which the girl herself lingered. As he turned his eyes from his canvas to meet hers, Stedman, the charming, the deferential, the adroit, who never allowed his painting to interrupt his talk, told her of what he was pleased to call his dreams and ambitions, of the great and beautiful ladies who had sat before his easel, and of the only one of them who had given him inspiration. Especially of the only one who had given him inspiration. With her always to uplift him, he could become one of the world's most famous artists, and she would go down into history as the beautiful woman who had helped him, as the wife of Rembrandt had inspired Rembrandt, as "Mona Lisa" had made Leonardo.

GILBERT wrote: "It is not the lover who comes to woo, but the lover's way of wooing!" His successful lover was the one who threw the girl across his saddle and rode away with her. But one kind of woman does not like to have her lover approach shouting: "At the gallop! Charge!"

She prefers a man not because he is masterful, but because he is not. She likes to believe the man needs her more than she needs him, that she and only she can steady him, cheer him, keep him true to the work he is in the world to perform. It is called the "mothering" instinct.

Frances felt this mothering instinct toward the sensitive, imaginative, charming Stedman. She believed he

had but two thoughts, his art, and herself. She was content to place his art first. She could not guess that to one so unworldly, to one so wrapped up in his art, the fortune of a rich aunt might prove alluring.

When the transport finally picked up the landfalls of Cavite Harbor, Lee, with the instinct of a soldier, did not exclaim: "This is where Dewey ran the forts and sank the Spanish fleet!" On the contrary, he was saying: "When she comes to join me, it will be here I will first see her steamer. I will be waiting with a field glass on the end of that wharf. No, I will be out here in a shore boat waving my hat. And of all those along the rail, my heart will tell me which is she!"

THEN a barefooted Filipino boy handed him an unsigned cablegram. It read: "If I wrote a thousand words I could not make it easier for either of us. I am to marry Arthur Stedman in December."

Lee was grateful for the fact that he was not permitted to linger in Manila. Instead, he was at once ordered up country, where at a one-troop post he administered the affairs of a somewhat hectic province, and, under the guidance of the local constabulary, chased will-o'-the-wisp brigands. On a shelf in his quarters he placed the silver loving cup, and at night when the village slept he would sit facing it, filling one pipe after another, and, through the smoke, staring at the evidence to the fact that once Frances Gardner and he had been partners.

In these post-mortems he saw nothing morbid. With his present activities they in no way interfered, and in thinking of the days when they had been together, in thinking of what he had lost, he found deep content. Another man, having lost the woman he loved, would have tried to forget her and all she meant to him. But Lee was far too honest with himself to substitute other thoughts for those that were glorious, that still thrilled him. The girl could take herself from him, but she could not take his love for her from him. And for that he was grateful. He never had considered himself worthy, and so could not believe he had been ill used. In his thoughts of her, there was no bitterness: for that also he was grateful. And, as he knew he would not care for any other woman in the way he cared for her, he preferred to care in that way, even for one who was lost, than in a lesser way for a possible she who some day might greatly care for him. So, she still remained in his thoughts, and was so constantly with him that he led a dual existence in which by day he directed the affairs of an alien and hostile people, and by night again lived through the wonderful moments when she had thought she loved him, when he first had learned to love her. At times she seemed actually at his side, and he could not tell whether he was pretending that this were so, or whether the force of his love had projected her image half around the world.

OFTEN, when in single file he led the men through the forest, he seemed again to be back on Cape Cod picking his way over their own lost road through the wood, and he heard "the beat of a horse's feet and the swish of a skirt in the dew." And then a carbine would rattle, or a horse would stumble and a trooper swear and he was again in the sweating jungle where men, intent upon his life, crouched in ambush.

She spared him the mockery of wedding cards; but the announcement of the wedding came to him in a three months' old newspaper. Hoping they would speak of her in their letters, he kept up a somewhat one-sided correspondence with friends of Mrs. Stedman's in Boston, where she now lived. But for a year in none of their letters did her name appear. When a mutual friend did write of her, Lee understood the silence.

From the first, the mutual friend wrote, the life of Mrs. Stedman and her husband was thoroughly miserable. Stedman blamed her because she came to him

penniless. The rich aunt, who had heartily disapproved of the artist, had spoken of him so frankly that Frances had quarreled with her, and from her no longer would accept money. In his anger at this Stedman showed himself to Frances as he was. And only two months after their marriage she was further enlightened.

An irate husband made him the central figure in a scandal that filled the friends of Frances with disgust and that for her was an awakening cruel and humiliating. Men no longer permitted their women folk to sit to Stedman for a portrait, and the need of money grew imperative. He the more blamed Frances for having quarreled with her aunt, told her it was for her money he had married her, that she had ruined his career, and that she was to blame for his ostracism, a condition that his own misconduct had brought upon him. Finally, after twelve months of this, one morning he left a note saying he no longer would allow her to be a drag upon him; and sailed for Europe.

They learned that, in Paris, he had returned to that life which before his marriage, even in that easy-going city, had made him notorious. "And Frances," continued Lee's correspondent, "has left Boston, and now lives in New York. She wouldn't let any of us help her, nor even know where she is. The last we heard of her she was in charge of the complaint department of a millinery shop, for which work she was receiving about the same wages I give my cook."

LEE did not stop to wonder why the same woman, who to one man was a "drag," was to another, even though separated from her by half the world, a joy and a blessing. Instead, he promptly wrote his lawyers to find Mrs. Stedman, and, in such a way as to keep her ignorant of their good offices, see that she obtained a position more congenial than her present one, and one that would pay her as much as, without arousing her suspicions, they found it possible to give.

Three months had passed, and this letter had not been answered, when in Manila, where he had been ordered to make a report, he heard of her again. One evening when the band played on the Luneta, he met a newly married couple who had known him in Agawamsett. They now were on a ninety-day cruise around the world. Close friends of Frances Gardner, they remembered him as one of her many devotees and at once spoke of her.

"That blackguard she married," the bridegroom told him, "was killed three months ago racing with another car from Versailles back to Paris after a dinner at which, it seems, all present drank 'burgundy out of the finger bowls.' Coming down that steep hill into St. Cloud, the cars collided and Stedman and a woman, whose husband thought she was somewhere else, were killed. He couldn't even die without making a scandal of it."

"But, the worst," added the bride, "is that, in spite of the way the little beast treated her, I believe Frances still cares for him, and always will. That's the worst of it, isn't it?" she demanded.

In words, Lee did not answer, but in his heart he agreed that was much the worst of it. The fact that Frances was free filled him with hope; but that she still cared for the man she had married, and would continue to think only of him, made him ill with despair.

HE CABLED his lawyers for her address. He determined that, at once, on learning it, he would tell her that with him nothing was changed. He had forgotten nothing, and had learned much. He had learned that his love for her was a splendid and inspiring passion, that even without her it had lifted him up, helped and cheered him, made the whole world kind and beautiful. With her he could not picture a world so complete with happiness.

Since entering the army he had never asked for a



In the fight that followed he covered his brows with laurel wreaths and received two bullet wounds in his body



leave of absence, and he was sure, if he now did so, it would not be refused. He determined, if the answer to his cable gave him her address, he would return at once, and again offer her his love which he now knew was deeper, finer and infinitely more tender than the love he first had felt for her. But the cable balked him. "Address unknown," it read; "believed to have gone abroad in capacity of governess. Have employed foreign agents. Will cable their report."

Whether to wait for and be guided by the report of the detectives, or to proceed to Europe and search for her himself Lee did not know. He finally determined that to seek for her with no clue to her whereabouts would be but a waste of precious moments, while, if in their search the agents were successful, he would be able to go directly to her. Meanwhile, by cable he asked for protracted leave of absence and, while waiting for his answer, returned to his post. There, within a week, he received his leave of absence, but in a fashion that threatened to remove him forever from the army.

The constabulary had located the will-o'-the-wisp brigands behind a stockade built about an extinct volcano, and Lee and his troop and a mountain battery attempted to dislodge them. In the fight that followed Lee covered his brows with laurel wreaths and received two bullet wounds in his body.

FOR a month death stood at the side of his cot, and then, still weak and at times delirious with fever, by slow stages he was removed to the hospital in Manila. In one of his sane moments a cable was shown him. It read: "Whereabouts still unknown." Lee at once rebelled against his doctors. He must rise, he declared, and proceed to Europe. It was upon a matter of life and death. The surgeons assured him his remaining exactly where he was also was a matter of as great consequence. Lee's knowledge of his own lack of strength told him they were right.

Then, from headquarters, he was informed that, as a reward for his services and in recognition of his approaching convalescence, he was ordered to return to his own climate and that an easy billet had been found for him as a recruiting officer in New York City. Believing the woman he loved to be in Europe, this plan for his comfort only succeeded in bringing on a relapse. But, the day following, there came another cablegram. It put an abrupt end to his mutiny, and brought him and the War Department into complete accord.

"She is in New York," it read, "acting as agent for a charitable institution, which one not known, but hope in a few days to cable correct address."

IN ALL the world there was no man so happy. The next morning a transport was sailing and, probably because they had read the cablegram, the surgeons agreed with Lee that a sea voyage would do him no harm. He was carried on board, and when the propellers first churned the water and he knew he was moving toward her, the hero of the fight around the crater shed unmanly tears. He would see her again, hear her voice; the same great city would shelter them. It was worth a dozen bullets.

He reached New York in a snowstorm, a week before Christmas, and went straight to the office of his lawyers. They received him with embarrassment. Six weeks before, on the very day they had cabled him that Mrs. Stedman was in New York, she had left the charitable institution where she had been employed, and had again disappeared.

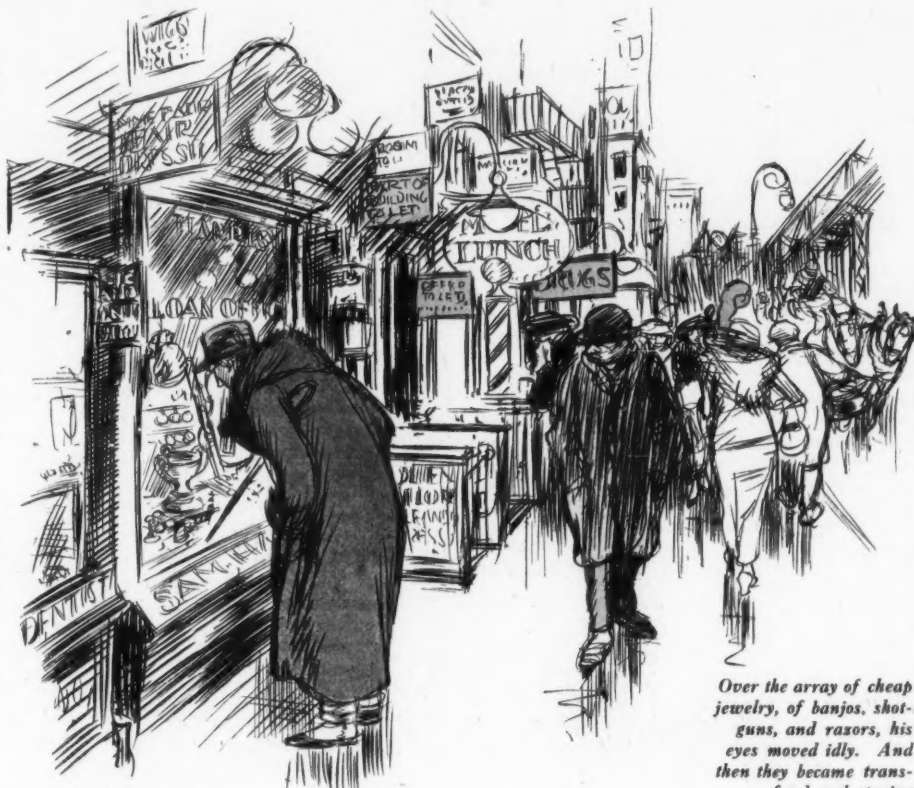
Lee sent his trunks to the Army and Navy Club which was immediately around the corner from the recruiting office in Sixth Avenue and began discharging telegrams at every one who had ever known Frances Gardner. The net result was discouraging. In the year and a half in which he had been absent, every friend of the girl he sought had temporarily changed his place of residence, or was permanently dead.

Meanwhile his arrival by the transport was announced in the afternoon papers. At the wharf an admiring trooper had told a fine tale of his conduct at the battle of the crater, and reporters called at the club to see him. He did not discourage them, as he hoped through them the fact of his return might be made known to

Frances. She might send him a line of welcome and he would discover her whereabouts. But, though many others sent him hearty greetings, from her there was no word.

On the second day after his arrival one of the telegrams was answered in person by a friend of Mrs. Stedman's. He knew only that she had been in New York, that she was very poor and in ill health, that she shunned all of her friends, and was earning her living as the matron of some sort of a club for working girls. He did not know the name of it.

On the third day there still was no news. On the fourth Lee decided that the next morning he would advertise. He would say only: "Will Mrs. Arthur Stedman communicate with Messrs. Fuller & Fuller?" Fuller & Fuller were his lawyers. That afternoon he remained until six o'clock at the recruiting office, and when he left it the electric street lights were burning brightly.



Over the array of cheap jewelry, of banjos, shotguns, and razors, his eyes moved idly. And then they became transfixed and staring

A heavy damp snow was falling, and the lights and the falling flakes and the shouts of drivers and the toots of taxicabs made for the man from the tropics a welcome homecoming.

Instead of returning at once to his club, he slackened his steps. The shop windows of Sixth Avenue hung with Christmas garlands, and colored lamps glowed like open fireplaces. Lee passed slowly before them, glad that he had been able to get back at such a season. For the moment he had forgotten the woman he sought and was conscious only of his surroundings. He had paused in front of the window of a pawnshop. Over the array of cheap jewelry, of banjos, shotguns, and razors, his eyes moved idly. And then they became transfixed and staring. In the very front of the window, directly under his nose, was a tarnished silver loving cup. On it was engraved "Mixed Doubles. Agawamsett, 1910." In all the world there were only two such cups, and as though he were dodging the slash of a bolo, Lee leaped into the shop. Many precious seconds were wasted in persuading Mrs. Cohen that he did not believe the cup had been stolen, that he was not from the Central Office, that he believed the lady who had pawned the cup had come by it honestly, that he meant no harm to the lady, that he meant no harm to Mrs. Cohen, that much as the young lady may have needed the money Mrs. Cohen had loaned her on the cup, he needed the address of the young lady still more.

MRS. COHEN retired behind a screen, and Lee was conscious that from the other side of it the whole family of Cohens were taking his measurements. He approved of their efforts to protect the owner of the cup, but not from him.

He offered, if one of the younger Cohens would take him to the young lady, to let him first ask her if she would receive Captain Lee, and for his service he would give the young Cohen untold gold. He exhibited the untold gold. The young Cohen choked at the sight and sprang into the seat beside the driver of a taxicab.

"To the Working Girls' Home on Tenth Street!" he commanded.

Through the falling snow and the flashing lights they slid, skidded, and leaped. Inside the cab Lee shivered with excitement, with cold, with fear that it might not be true. He could not realize she was near. It was easier to imagine himself still in the jungle with months of time and sixteen thousand miles of land and water separating them; or in the hospital on a white enamel cot, watching the shadow creep across the whitewashed wall; or lying beneath an awning that did not move, staring at a burning, brazen sea that did not move, on a transport that, timed by the beating of his heart, seemed to stand still.

Those days were within the radius of his experience. Separation, absence, the immutable giants of time and space, he knew. With them he had fought and could withstand them. But to be near her, to hear her voice, to bring his love into her actual presence, that was an attack upon his feelings which found him without weapons. That, for a very few dollars, she had traded the cup from which she had sworn never to part did not concern him. Having parted from him, what she did with a silver mug was of little consequence. It was of significance only in that it meant she was poor. And that she was either an inmate or a matron of a lodging house for working girls also showed she was poor.

HE HAD been told that was her condition, and that she was in ill health, and that from all who loved her she had refused to accept help. At the thought his jaws locked pugnaciously. There was one who loved her, who, should she refuse his aid, was prepared to make her life intolerable. He planned in succession at lightning speed all he might do for her. Among other things he would make this Christmas the happiest she or he would ever know. Not for an instant did he question that she who had refused help from all who loved her could refuse anything he offered. For he knew it was offered with a love that demanded nothing in return, with a love that asked only to be allowed to love, and to serve. To refuse help inspired by such a feeling as his, would be morbid, wicked, ridiculous, as though a flower refused to turn its face to the sun, and shut its lips to the dew.

THE cab stopped in front of a brick building adorned with many fire escapes. Afterward he remembered a bare, brilliantly lit hall hung with photographs of the Acropolis, and a stout, capable woman in a cap, who looked him over and said:

"You will find Mrs. Stedman in the writing room." And he remembered entering a room filled with mission furniture and reading lamps under green shades. It was empty, except for a young girl in deep black who was seated facing him, her head bent above a writing desk. As he came into the circle of the lamps, the girl raised her eyes and as though lifted to her feet by what she saw, and through no effort of her own, stood erect.

And the young man, who had persuaded himself his love demanded nothing, who asked only to worship at her gate, found his arms reaching out, and heard his voice as though it came from a great distance, cry "Frances!"

And the girl who had refused the help of all who loved her, like a homing pigeon, walked straight into the outstretched arms.

After five minutes, when he was almost able to believe it was true, he said in his commanding, masterful way: "And now I'm going to take you out of here. I'm going to buy you a ring, and a sable coat and a house to live in, and a dinner. Which shall we buy first?"

"First," said Frances frowning happily, "I am afraid we must go to the Ritz, to tell Aunt Emily. She always loved you, and it will make her so happy."

"To the Ritz," stammered the young man, "to Aunt Emily! I thought they told me your aunt and—you—"

"We quarreled, yes," said Frances, "and she has forgiven me, but she has not forgiven herself, so she

# The Six Rubies

By Justus Miles Forman

## 1.—Eagle's Nest

ON THE morning of the day upon which I came of age we buried my father, who had died of a stroke following upon a roadside altercation with Cousin Matthew Gaunt, and on that night, my Uncle Henry having been summoned to town upon affairs of importance, the six rubies were stolen from the agate shield above my head as I lay sleeping.

I suppose I must at the outset explain a little about the six rubies and about the enmity between the two branches of the Gaunt family, but I promise to be exceedingly brief. To begin with, the Gaunt arms, simple like all very ancient escutcheons, are: upon a field sable six gouttes (or drops of blood) gules, and the motto is "Je garde." There is an interesting reason for this symbolism, and perhaps I shall tell the story one day, but not now. All that matters here is that a certain crusading ancestor of mine and of Matthew Gaunt's brought home, from I know not where, six rubies, obtained in I know not what fashion—enormous stones, uncut, irregular in shape, roughly polished—brought them home to England and fastened them upon a shield of black agate where before there had been six dabs of red paint. They became and remained a family possession (for they were inscribed in the entail) of peculiar pride, importance, and sanctity. They were more than treasures. Their money value, great as it was and is, seems never to have come into consideration. They were like the gold crown to the Monmouths, like the Dorset Lance. They were to my house for many centuries like the martyr's bones or the fragment of the Holy Rood to the church that harbors them. They were the honor of the Gaunts.

SO MUCH for the six rubies. Now for the quarrel. Something above two hundred years ago one Joseph Gaunt, being the third of four sons and a pretty bad lot, ran away from home to foreign parts. Shortly afterward the two elder lads died of a fever, and ten years later, credible evidence having been found of Joseph's death, the fourth son, Henry, came into the title, married, and produced an heir. Then Joseph returned, much the worse for ill living, and with a wife and male child. He at once claimed title and estates for his son, being himself near his end, but it turned out that the child had not been born in wedlock, and his claim was set aside. He died, cursing his house with his last breath, but the child lived and married and had sons, and there was a bitter feud.

Early in the century just past, my grandfather removed to this country, dropped his title, and purchased a great estate in Westchester

County. And not long after Humfrey Gaunt, the head of the illegitimate branch, followed—I do not know why, but I think it was a savage desire to be within striking distance of the enemy he hated. And Matthew was his son. They bought a place some ten miles from ours. They were well to do, though not rich, and built a great rambling house in a kind of crazy Gothic style, part of stone and part of wood. Passers-by used to laugh at it.

I LAY that night after the funeral in the state room—and in my father's great bed that had hanging over it the shield of black agate with the six rubies. I was neither a nervous nor a superstitious young man, and I felt that he would like me to be there, for I was master now in Gaunt House. I slept well from the moment I lay down, for I was dog weary, worn out with fatigue and with grief. And old Staines, the butler, had made me drink a glass of hot whisky and water—a pretty stiff dose for a lad of one and twenty unused to spirits.

I remember that I fell asleep with old Staines's words in my ears—the sole comment he had permitted himself to make upon his dead master: "He was the finest gentleman, sir, in all the land."

And no one could conceivably have bettered that summing up of my father. He had been a relic of a past age—a fine gentleman in a time when the very word had almost ceased to have a meaning. There had been nothing modern about my father. He had lived out his days, proud, gentle, a little austere, an incurious, courtly, and amiable ghost cherishing forgotten ideals.

I awoke with reluctance, dread, and physical pain to a kind of halfway house, a borderland between consciousness and unconsciousness. There were shapes—faces—drifting horrors. I thought I was having just a bad dream, and so, in a fashion, I suppose I was, but a dream unlike any hitherto of my experience. I heard a confusion of dim voices, and, among them, one dear and familiar, though unrecognizable. I strove to call out in answer to this voice. I strained and shook with prodigious effort. Some one said millions of miles away: "The sal volatile again! Hold it to his nostrils." There was a tingling pain in my head, and I thought I was a little stronger, the voices a little nearer, but I was as if held under a smothering cloud of darkness. I thought I screamed. Then, quite suddenly, something snapped, like a breaking wire, and I was aware of sitting up in my father's bed. My Uncle Henry's arm was about me; Staines and Mrs. Meadows, the housekeeper, were there, very much agitated; the light of broad day streamed in at the windows, and my head ached with a fiery, dizzying pain. I said in a weak whisper:

"I've had the devil of a bad dream, old Henry!" And my uncle answered me tenderly:

"So you have, Peter. So you have, my boy. But you're out of it now." I asked what time it was, and one of them said, evasively, that it was rather late.

I believe I lay back for a few minutes, sick with pain, but presently said I wanted to get up. So they sent Mrs. Meadows out of the room. I got to my feet, and, still with my Uncle Henry's arm about me, for I was extraordinarily wobbly, I took a turn down the room and back.

It was on the return that my eyes fell by accident upon the wall over the bed's head, and I saw. I said: "Where's the shield gone to?" My uncle's arm tightened, and Staines, the butler, gave a kind of moan. My Uncle Henry said:

"I'll tell you presently, Peter. We must get you fit and well first. How's the head?"

IT WAS pretty bad, and I confessed it. So he made me get into bed again and gave me a spoonful of something vile. Staines drew the shutters, and I slept again.

It was late afternoon when my Uncle Henry and I, clear headed again and without pain, faced each other over the shattered fragments of black agate from which the six charges had been plucked, and over the velvet banner from which the



gold-embroidered letters of the motto had been ripped with a knife. The world wheeled about me, and I felt physically sick.

This horror to follow so hard upon my father's death! In the very first days of my stewardship!

You must remember always that I had been brought up from infancy to regard those six rubies as sacred things, inseparable from the honor of my house. And there was, by modern standards, an excess of honor about Gaunt House. We breathed, ate, and drank it.

With a shaking hand I touched the fragments of black stone, and I stared at the six empty pits of them.

"Gone!" I said in a sort of groan. "Gone! stolen from over my very head!" I fingered those broken bits of agate as a child plays with blocks, and beside me my Uncle Henry sat silent, his hand on my shoulder.

Then began to pierce through the stunned apathy of my mind a sense that there was something mysterious here—something beyond common forthright crime. I said dully:

"But why smash it? Why break up the shield? Why rip the motto off the velvet?"

"Why, indeed, Peter?" echoed my Uncle Henry's voice beside me.

"I don't understand!" I said, helplessly. And my Uncle Henry said, pressing my shoulder:

"Try, Peter! Try! Think well! . . . Who," he asked me in the manner of a helpful schoolmaster, "who, outside this house, knew that the six stones on the escutcheon were rubies and valuable?" And I said:

"Why, nobody. Nobody has even so much as seen them. Not even the servants can have known—except, perhaps, old Staines."

I STIRRED with my finger the ripped and tumbled banner that had so long borne the motto of my race. Then, all at once, I caught it up to me, for there were words scrawled across it where the gold letters, "Je garde," had been sewn. There were other letters there, dimly fashioned in what must have been common white chalk: "Je prends." I sprang to my feet with a cry.



*Still that splendid girl did not scream nor shrink though the air about her was full of biting, acrid smoke*



"By God, it is Matthew Gaunt!" And my Uncle Henry rose to face me, very pale, with burning eyes. "Yes, Peter, it is Matthew Gaunt. He or his sons or his bullies—Heaven knows which—broke in here last night during the storm, dragged you in your sleep—they nearly overdid it, too—and stole the six rubies. The broken bits of black agate were found this morning lying across your body, and the banner they'd trampled under their feet on the floor after scrawling an insult across it. They didn't try to hide what they had done. They meant us to know just where the rubies had gone."

I still felt sick. A priest before his rifled and desecrated altar must feel as I did. I hadn't yet begun to be angry. I was dazed.

"Why? Why?" I cried over and over again with my head between my hands. My uncle said a little wearily:

"Do you mean 'Why should Matthew come here and do what he did?' Need you ask? You're, officially, his enemy, now that your father is dead. You're the head of Gaunt House. He considered what might be the severest blow he could deal you—the foulest insult. He thought of this, and I expect he laughed over it. Yes, I can hear him laugh. The six rubies have been for centuries a kind of symbol to us Gaunts—the pride and honor of the house. If he takes them from us he leaves us naked indeed."

I HAD begun to be angry. I was so angry that it was like a physical pain. But I controlled myself.

"The thing is to get them back."

"How?" my uncle asked, watching me. "You can, of course, bring suit against the other house. You can go to law." But at that I burst into a bitter laugh. From head to feet I tingled with shame and rage and lust for vengeance. I ached and burned with intolerable fury. I had been always a little conscious of the anachronism of my house—a wee bit ashamed of it—but in this moment the lawless spirit of my forbears possessed me altogether. I was all at once as medieval as my dead father, as my living Uncle Henry. I was a Gaunt.

"Law! Am I a miserable farmer squabbling over an acre of disputed land? Can the law give me my honor back?"

I knew what I had to do. There was no need of oaths or promises or wild words. My anger left me quite suddenly, and I felt calm and sure of myself, and rather gay and merry.

"Come, Uncle Henry!" said I. "That wicked old hyena has sat yonder on his hilltop and laughed and sneered long enough—he and his six young hyenas. Let's put an end to it! He's got the Gaunt rubies. Yes. But he sha'n't have them another day, not if I have to tear his head off his shoulders to get them out of him. Come, let's make a call, you and I. Eh? We've been unneighborly. Let's go pay our respects to Matthew Gaunt!"

To my great astonishment, my Uncle Henry's eyes grew bright, and two tears rolled down from them. He caught at my hands and gripped them hard in his. He would have spoken, but what I do not know, for he couldn't command his voice just then.

So we stood looking into each other's faces, gripping each other's hands. And about our feet lay the slashed and desecrated banner of our house.

WE SET out that night toward nine o'clock—on horseback, for the roads and lanes between Gaunt House and "Eagle's Nest," as Cousin Matthew inanelly termed his pseudo-Gothic stronghold, were none of them of the best, and had been made worse by recent storms. It was a dark night, with a damp and dreary wind that drove clouds across the sky and boded rain. I remember that my mood of high confidence—of something like gayety—still possessed me. I felt a fine exhilaration, new to my experience. I remember that I whistled a tune and made little jokes to my Uncle Henry, and laughed at them. I suppose it must have been in some such mood as this that those elder Gaunts rode out to do battle; but the survival of the spirit in myself makes me wonder a little, for I had been a very modern young man, with a quiet laugh in my sleeve at the medievalism of my father and my Uncle Henry.

Well, blood tells in queer ways now and again.

So we rode through the night across that rough country, cantering along a good stretch of road, splashing through puddles, guarding our faces with an upheld arm in narrow wood lanes. And I whistled my little tune and grinned in the dark, and patted the thing that lay snug in my coat pocket. We saw the lights of Matthew's absurd house in something short of an hour, and began to mount the hillside toward them.

We brought our horses well up near the house and tethered them just outside a high encircling wall, pierced here and there by shabby iron gates, one of which hung open. There were a few lighted windows, both below and above, but most of the house lay dark. We mounted the paved terrace and rang at the big front door.

It was opened after a rather long delay by a little, bent, white-haired man in a dress coat too big for him, who looked up at us sideways, like an elderly bird. My

Uncle Henry said: "Inform your master that Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Henry Gaunt have called to pay their respects."

The little servant heard this in silence, stood a moment with bowed head, as if reflecting upon it, and then, quite suddenly and before I could check him, shut the door in our faces. I said to my uncle:

"Quick! Give me a leg up! There's a fanlight." He held out his clasped hands, I stepped in them, found a projection in the stone of the door casing, and so, clinging to the ivy that was thick upon the wall there, stood looking into Cousin Matthew's house.

I saw the little bent serving man run, scuttling like a crab down the hall toward a door at the left, near where the stairs mounted, and, as he reached it, I saw Matthew Gaunt's great gray head and shaggy beard thrust out to meet him. I thought I saw another head



*It was exactly as if I, outside in the dark, looked in through a somewhat clouded window upon a very dimly lighted room or rather passageway*

also, but I was not sure. They conferred there an instant, and I saw, rather than heard, one of them call out toward an opposite door. A loutish country boy with a shock of yellow hair and a footman's coat came from this door, took an order, and sped clumsily up the stairs.

Then the little bent man, whom I took to be Cousin Matthew's butler, turned and came back toward the front of the house. My Uncle Henry guided my foot down to earth, and we waited.

"The master," said the little bent serving man, "regrets that 'e is not at 'ome."

"It is out of the question," said my Uncle Henry politely, "that your master should be permitted to torture himself with regrets." We pushed the little man aside and entered. He would have run ahead of us, but we checked him and made our way to the door where I had seen Matthew Gaunt standing.

He was sitting now behind a table laden with coffee things and with liquor bottles, in a large, square room whose walls were lined with books. Sitting there he gave the effect of a very big man, for his shoulders were so heavy and his neck so thick that his head, with its rough mat of gray hair and its great spreading beard, looked tiny upon them; but I knew that his legs were short and puny. He bore a far-away resemblance, the faintest in the world, to my father, but my father had been tall and had looked like a king in a picture book. Cousin Matthew looked, sitting, like a king's bully.

HE SCOWLED at us, without rising, and asked:

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Paying our respects, Matthew," said my Uncle Henry; "returning your call. Do you think we have no manners at Gaunt House?"

He said neither yes nor no to that, only his little dark eyes glittered at us and moved from one to the other, and glanced from us to the door of the room. He seemed uneasy, and I was a little surprised. He

must, I thought, have expected some riposte to his attack upon Gaunt House. Had our visit been quite unlooked for?

There came a stir of feet at the door, and our host sat up and gave a little exclamation. The shock-headed young footman came in. He was breathing hard, as if he had gone and come with great haste, and in one hand he held gingerly, a little away from him, a revolver—one of the big, old-fashioned kind, with a nicked chamber and barrel.

So we had, after all, surprised Cousin Matthew. Incredible as it sounds, he had not been ready for us. My Uncle Henry laughed:

"Matthew! Matthew! This looks like carelessness. Did you think so poorly of us then?" He said to the dolt of a boy:

"I'll take the pistol. Thank you!"

Matthew Gaunt cried out sharply, springing to his feet behind the table, and the servant, aware at last of something wrong, turned and caught at the weapon he had relinquished, but my uncle slipped it into his pocket, still laughing gently, and with one hand he pushed the footman out of the room and turned the key in the door.

I WENT a few steps across the floor and faced the man who had dropped back once more into his chair and sat there sullenly, his great gray beard spread out across his chest. He sneered at me:

"Well, cub?"

"Where are the six rubies?" I asked him, meeting his eyes fair. "I've come for them. Where are they?" He eyed me up and down.

"You look like your father. You're a Gaunt right enough."

"That's more than you are," said I, and brought the red into his cheeks.

"You're a common thief," I said; "just a common housebreaker, like any other. Gaunts don't steal. Why, by the way, did you? You're partly Gaunt, even if it is unofficial?"

My cousin glowered at me for a moment in silence, and I expected an outburst of rage, but at the end he laughed instead.

"Why? Well, I was dull. I was infernally dull. I was bored with everything. And then, too, the rubies belonged here in the elder branch of the house. And then, too, I'd had my appetite whetted by a small success. You see, I encountered your father the other day and gave him a fright. He went home and died of it."

"That is a lie!" cried my Uncle Henry furiously and caught my arm as I was leaping forward. His face was quite white with anger. "That is a paltry, cowardly lie. A little farmer's boy by the roadside saw and heard all that passed between you and my brother. I talked with him yesterday. You insulted my brother as you passed him, and he struck you across the face with his crop. Then you turned your horse and rode away. I do not know whether there is anyone or anything else in this world that you are afraid of, Matthew, but I know that you were always afraid of Cecil Gaunt, and he knew it, too."

My uncle looked at the man behind the table, folding his arms. "A coward, a liar, and a common thief! The Gaunt blood has run thin in you. Bah! You poison the air. Get on with it, Peter lad! Let's be out of this hole!"

ONCE more I asked him: "Where are the rubies?" And he answered, scowling across at me under his shaggy brows: "Where you'll never find them, cub."

I drew the little black Colt automatic from my pocket and pulled free the safety catch, but my Uncle Henry touched me on the arm.

"Wait a moment!"

He went near the edge of the table, behind which our cousin sat, and took his own pistol into his hands. His face was pale. He said:

"My nephew is a young man, and he is the head of the house. I, Matthew, am old; my good years are behind me (an absurdity: he was at this time fifty-three and could outwalk, outride, and outplay me at tennis). I should be very content to die, having rid the earth of a mean and poisonous thing such as you. You will tell us where are the rubies that you stole from Gaunt House, or I will call in your servants, here and now, and shoot you before their faces."

I cried out:

"This is my job, Henry!" But he said without turning:

"Be still! I am older than you."

Matthew Gaunt stirred restlessly in his chair and scowled and muttered.

"You make a great fuss over a bit of looting," he said crossly. "You spread hard names about as if you'd a lot of 'em to spare. God save us! Well, you were always a pair of dancing masters, you and Cecil—finicking over manners and the like. As for your rubies—mine by rights—you've come too late. I have six sons, you're aware? Well, I've given 'em each one. I've divided the Gaunt treasure among the Gaunts. Did you pass the postman in his little cart as you rode here? You might have. Yes? Well, you



# Noel

By Charles Hanson Towne



Hark to each thundering bell,  
Singing, "Noel! Noel!"—  
The jubilant chimes in ten thousand towers,  
Swing in winter like iron flowers  
Lost in the cold December hours.  
They sing and swing,  
And the old Word bring,  
The wise old Message that never dies,  
Under the steadfast starlit skies.

The loud winds tell  
It is our Noel,  
And they echo the song of each clamoring bell.  
They shout in the darkness over the snow,  
And through the world the tidings blow.  
The bells are the great glad Voice of the Lord,  
And the winds are His angels in sweet accord  
Whose whispers surge and sweep through the  
night  
Where the watchers wait for the ancient Light.  
"Noel! Noel!"  
Sings each sudden bell.  
From the flowers  
In the towers  
Comes a wild "Noel!"

It is Christ's own hour,  
It is Christ's Noel,  
And the sad world faints in the wonderful swell.  
The Voice of God rings down the years  
To hush our old discordant fears.  
"Noel! Noel!" I hear Him call,  
"A time of Peace hath come to all!"  
His rapture shakes the moonlit hills,  
His glory wakes our souls, and thrills  
Beyond the world, beyond the sea,  
To borders of Immensity.  
"Noel! Noel!"  
It is Christ's own hour!  
Thunders each bell like an iron flower  
In every far and wind-blown tower!



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## A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM THE SEA

By Frank R. Sham

Illus. by G. M. Ashley

**Y**OU'RE a hard man, Hiram Hapshott," said Mrs. Hapshott. "I never knew it until now—I named you for a kindly husband ashore."

"Ashore and at sea are two different places," replied the captain of the *Uriah B. Gaster*. "When I'm ashore I take things easy, when I'm at sea I act accordingly. Sailormen are dogs, and the more you beat a dog the better it is. So with sailors. Give 'em an easy time, let 'em think they've struck a soft snap, and they'll loaf and malingering till the cows come home. Grind 'em down, rule 'em with an iron hand, and they'll not only do their work at the run, but they'll come crawling along and ask you for more. That's my experience, and thirty years at sea, man and boy, hasn't inclined me to dispute facts as they stand."

"I call it cruelty," said his wife without heat, for she was a woman of sadness. She knew the cause of that sadness, as did her husband, but it was never mentioned between them by a tacit agreement. Twenty-five years of married life had resulted in a fine endurance of marital affection—the skipper's long absences from home might have accounted for that, in some measure—the two were good friends, and bickerings between them were a thing unknown. But there had never been tiny hands to reach up and caress the old-growing faces; baby lips had never clung to Mrs. Hapshott's broad, deep bosom. There had been one child—very many years ago, but it only raised its voice once in the great world, and before the mother's heart had quickened in response the voice was stilled forever. The Lord had given, He also had taken away, and Mrs. Hapshott endeavored to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord" with a good grace, though at times the saying was hard.

**N**O, it's not cruelty." Captain Hapshott's voice was quite firm, but there was an added trace of gentleness in it now, for he had seen the shadowed eyes, and knew his wife's thoughts had flown irrelevantly, as a woman's thoughts will, to the dead child. "It's common justice. You've not been accustomed to mix with men: I have. Taking them by and large, and making all allowances, I reckon the sailorman, as found in our ships, is half dog and half loafer; but if you use a belaying pin judiciously you can sometimes make a workable imitation of a man out of him—in time, Maria, in time." He broke off to hurl a volley of abuse at the helmsman, who had let the ship sag away a full point from her course. The royal that had rippled evenly for an hour swelled full, and a tiny curl of spray licked over the weather main braces. It was characteristic of the discipline ruling aboard the *Uriah B. Gaster* that the delinquent stiffened like a cleaning rod and became absorbed in his work. It was also characteristic that a look of pallid fear overspread his face; his lips seemed to draw back from tobacco-stained teeth in a grin of deadly oppression.

"There's a case in point," said the captain, waving his hand to the man. "If I'd gone to him and said: 'Look ye here, my lad, I want to tell you in the politest manner possible—to hint, as it were—that you're not displaying that keen attention to your duty which is a desirable thing on shipboard,' he'd probably have said that I was balmy, off my head. As it is, he'll not let the ship go off her course for the rest of his trick. I make my men reliable—and fear's the only thing to do it."

**A**LL the same, I don't like it," said Mrs. Hapshott, leaning over the taffrail and watching the crisp creaminess of the ship's wake as it broke from under the counter, eddied astern, and reached like a long white lane toward the further horizon. She listened to the deep boom of the vigorous wind in the swelling canvas aloft; she listened to the thrumming of the cordage, at the hundred and one sounds that bespeak a sailing vessel's life. "I dare say a little sternness is a good thing; I'm not one to insist on softness—I've found that out ashore, dealing with servants; but there is a medium, Hiram. And I think these men ought to be allowed just a little time to themselves. How do you think they manage to write letters home when they're working all day and most of the night? And they've likely got wives and children waiting at home for some news of them—just as I used to wait for news of you. Think of the little children—" Her voice trailed away into silence. She was thinking of the children that were not, of the children that never would be.

"No, you'll never bear another child," the doctor

had said years ago with a wise shake of the head. "It's a pity, but it's one of the jests of fate. There are some women born to be mothers—they're childless all their days; there are others to whom maternity is a curse, and they bring child after child into existence. I don't pretend to understand it all."

"They'd spend any spare time they might have in playing cards, gambling away their wages in advance," said the skipper with a bit of a sneer. "They aren't the men you take them for, Maria. Times I think they aren't men at all—just animals. As for wives and children—well, I won't say anything about that, but the fo'c'sle hand isn't by nature a marrying man. You needn't fret about their wives and children, lass. They haven't any wives, and if they've children—" He left the rest unspoken.

"And who's to blame if they're almost animals?" asked Mrs. Hapshott, taking up the gauntlet valiantly. "You and men like you. They work, they eat, and they sleep—because you think that living so they're kept out of mischief. You've depraved them; you've made them low. If they were treated like men they'd act like men, and they wouldn't try to forget the miseries they've suffered at sea in gross debauches ashore." Hapshott tried to pass it off with a laugh, changed the subject, and drew his wife's attention to the majestic beauty of the ship as she plunged through the sparkling water. A fleckless sky overhead was mirrored in the deeper blue of the sea; the ship had shaken off the sloth that had held her for many a day, and had become a sentient thing, bounding with life, pulsating with energy. The snow-white canvas aloft was shot across with delicate shadow; all clear, startling, distinct against the turquoise background, a man, perched on the topsail yard-arm, busied himself with spike and tarpot, jockeying the heaving spar with the grim agility of a mountebank. The voice of the mate came along the deck from forward; it carried menace in its tone, and three men broke aft at a sharp run.

They tailed on to a rope and pulled; nothing happened. They pulled again, casting fearsome glances over their shoulders; the rope came in an inch at a time.

"Get moving—you're not here for the fun of the thing." The mate was among them, striking out hard blows; the sailors made no attempt to parry the punishment; they submitted to it all and seemed to hurl themselves with redoubled energy on their labor. Presently the work was done, and the mate came aft slowly, wiping his damaged knuckles on the bosom of his shirt.

**T**HEY aren't quite used to us yet," he said to Hapshott, pausing at the break of the poop. "They're coming to hand, though, and by the time we fetch the Southeast Trades they'll be a workable crowd. Been brought up in lime-juicers, they have; spoilt, just spoilt." He went below for a piece of rag wherewith to bind up the broken knuckles, and Hapshott turned to his wife with a satisfied smile.

"There's corroborative evidence for you," he said. "Jones knows the sailor from top to toe—there isn't a trick he isn't wise on. You can't bluff him—forty years at sea's his record; and he's never been mixed up in a mutiny."

"I wouldn't like to stand in his place before the Judgment seat, though," was Mrs. Hapshott's reply.

"Hiram, I want to ask you a favor."

"Ask away, lass. I'm in a good mood; we've got a fair breeze, though I don't expect it will last long. By this time to-morrow we'll probably be reaching away along the track we've come. Take time by the forelock, old woman, and speak out."

"It's Christmas Day in two days' time, Hiram. Are you going to give the men a Christmas—a proper Christmas?"

Hapshott opened his mouth and laughed, a laugh that was pregnant with cynicism.

"Give them a Christmas—a proper Christmas! By which I suppose you mean a holiday and Christmas fare? Why, lass, they wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it. They'd be coming along in an hour asking for a job. Besides, we aren't fitted for Christmas meals. There's a brace of chickens in the coop that'll make our dinner that day—I've been saving them up on purpose; but beyond the pig for'ard—"

"Give them a proper Christmas, Hiram," pleaded Mrs. Hapshott earnestly. "It's a wonderful day ashore,

though a sad one. That is, for me," she amended. "I always get thinking of the Child, and of how happy His mother must have been, though she lost Him, too; she lost Him." She thought the wound was fairly healed, but the hot tears gushed to her faded, pathetic eyes. Hapshott himself turned away, for he knew the ache at her heart: it companioned the void at his own.

To hide his emotion he threw gruffness into his voice. "I'm thinking I made a mistake in bringing you to sea, lass," he said. "It isn't a place for women, least of all soft-hearted women such as you are. But you begged and prayed, and the owners seemed willing—"

"It got to be lonely waiting there ashore, Hiram," she said simply. "It was at nights, when—the wind howled and the snow fell everywhere—I saw other women happy and companionable, with their men about them; and it—it was more than I could stand. It would have been easier if—if there'd—if Amos had lived." He understood, and his rough, gnarled hand crept out along the rail until it rested on hers with the pressure of sympathy.

**I**M GLAD to be here, Hiram," she said. "Don't go for to think otherwise. But seeing that I'm—happy, I'd like to have those around me happy, too. It isn't much to ask: just give the sailors a bit of a rest on Christmas Day—let them have that pig for a Christmas dinner; they'll work all the better for it afterward."

"We'll get no more fresh meat for months," said Hiram Hapshott. "And you don't take to salt stuff very kindly, Maria."

"You needn't think of me," she told him. "It's a little thing for me to do: sacrifice one single luxury for the sake of making twenty men happy."

"I'll think it over," said her husband noncommittally. "It's such an idea as I've never heard of, mind you. Christmas might be kept at sea on liners and steamers and that sort of thing, where they don't care a toss about the weather and where they've got nothing much to do at the best of times. But in a windjammer—it's different, somehow. There's always something to be done—"

"For one day things can be left undone," she said. "It isn't often I ask you for a favor, Hiram; but—somehow, with Christmas drawing near, I feel as if I want to see it kept as it should be kept. There's a something within me tells me that this Christmas isn't going to be like others—and yet—it can only be different if I make it different. That's why I want you to do as I ask."

"Well, we might stop work," he said half ungraciously. "I daren't look Jones in the face and tell him so; but if you like to tell him yourself—well, it goes. We'll cut out the fixin' work, the painting and chipping, and so on, you know. They'll have to trim sail as usual, so I don't expect they'll gain much. We'll have calms and variables on Christmas Day, if I'm any weather judge; and their arms'll ache a pretty deal by the time the day's over."

"Then it wouldn't be anything of a holiday. Let them have a proper one, Hiram. Don't let them do this fixin' work, as you call it." He stared at her as at some curious animal which the sea had disgorged under his astonished nose.

"Not—not work the braces!" he exclaimed. "Why, lass—what'd happen to the ship if we didn't? She'd be in irons and out of 'em a score of times; we'd feel ourselves lucky if she didn't turn turtle."

**I**T WON'T be so bad as that, Hiram. I've heard you talk about what you do at sea when there's anything special to be done when you can't even spare a hand to the wheel. Don't you shorten sail or do something like that so that the ship'll take care of herself?"

"Yes, we brail up and brace aback, if that's what you're driving at. But it's never done except in cases of great emergency. And if we were to do it here aboard, and if it ever got out, why, I'd be the laughing stock of the seven seas. They'd never forget it—they'd invent a nickname for me, and it'd stick forever. Ask me something reasonable, Maria, and I might see my way to doing it; but to heave to down here—why, it's ridiculous."

"It isn't as ridiculous as robbing these poor men of one day's rest in the year would be," she asseverated.



## The Day Before Christmas

Drawn by W. J. Glac





# Christmas on Madison Square

Illustration by W. J. Glackens



Hiram Hapshott walked aft to the wheel and stood there at the con, his head sunk on his breast, fingering his beard. As his wife said, she had asked him but few favors in the course of their married life. What she proposed now, while utterly without precedent, was not entirely out of reason. If he let the men have their holiday, perhaps common gratitude—he had no great belief in such a rare thing as a sailor's gratitude, though—might lead them to keep shut mouths on the subject. Ridicule he could not stand; but then—Maria was his wife, and he owed her something.

"D— it!" he exploded so suddenly that the helmsman shrank against the spokes and trembled; "why not? I don't pretend to say whose fault it is that she hasn't a child—if there'd been one she might have been more reasonable; but why shouldn't I make her happy a bit? After all, it's Christmas time, though a man sort of loses the hang of these things at sea. Why not do it?"

The mate appeared on deck, and the skipper was unable to meet his eye, for he knew that he was softening. But Mrs. Hapshott was no coward, and she boldly went toward Jones.

"Mr. Jones," she said, "I've been talking it over with Captain Hapshott, asking him to give the men Christmas Day for a holiday. Would you have any serious objections to his doing so?"

Jones, perplexed, slid his cap over his eye and scratched the back of his bullet head. Then he looked to the skipper for a lead, but found Hapshott sternly regarding the motionless compass card.

"A holiday!" he said. "What the—what do they want a holiday for? Lazy scum! Holidays—I like that, ma'am. Why—why—" words failed him.

"A holiday would do them a lot of good; besides, it's Christmas Day, and it's shameful that they shouldn't have a rest then." Mrs. Hapshott was a woman who could assert herself when necessary; and now she talked for the good of Jones's soul. He realized that it was one thing to haze a crew of foreign sailormen and another thing to beat down a determined woman's arguments.

"Well, ma'am," he said lamely at the end, "I shan't interfere if they do lie off for an hour or two." Mrs. Hapshott had carried her point. She knew that she had convinced her husband; now that she had the mate on her side nothing could prevent the carrying out of her scheme. Perhaps, she thought, as a reward for interesting herself on the sailors' behalf she might gain a little intermission from the constant gnawing sore that caused her soul's unrest. And greatly did she desire cessation, for now, with Christmas drawing so near, the ache was growing still more pronounced. God was very good, she knew, and He might look down on the work of her heart and say that it was good. Then—was it not common justice that ease should be her portion? Yes, undoubtedly it was—the balance would be struck fairly; and this Christmas might indeed be a happy one, lacking the pain of the past.

IT WAS falling dark on Christmas Eve as Mr. Jones gave the orders to clew up and haul down. The crew sprang to work swiftly, albeit they were unable to credit the evidence of their senses. It was practically a dead calm; the sea, apart from a few ripples, showed like a floor. The stars were peeping out of the purpling blue overhead, burning clearly and standing out in serried ranks; the sails lifted lightly to the faint airs.

"When you've got to the bottom you can only study to improve," said Mr. Jones, and he did his work with artistic thoroughness. The courses were brailed up and snugged along their yards; the upper canvas, light stuff, eminently troublesome in light winds, was stowed away. The men had no notion of what was afoot, but they had witnessed the pig that was housed under the longboat forward endure its martyrdom at the hands of the cook. They had seen the scalded carcass suspended under the forecabin, and, remembering weeks of hard salt beef and unsavory pork, they had licked their lips. The *Uriah B. Gaster* had an unsavory name for hardship; not a man aboard her believed in his heart that the sacrifice had any bearing on his own case—the fresh victuals would be for the cabin, of course, they said; poor forecabin hands, shellbacks, lazy, good-for-nothings such as they would receive no share.

"Make fast everything," said the mate when the last rag of canvas was stowed. They obeyed and stood expectantly, wondering what new freak would come.

This, they thought, was merely a piece of gratuitous slave-driving; in a moment or two they would be ordered to cast everything adrift and set every inch of sail. They had not the spirit to grumble; long years of hardship had made them moving automatons, nothing more.

"Swing the main yards," pealed the mate from the poop, where he had been holding a conference with the captain. The main yards swung aback, the topsails flattened to the mast; the ship lost what little way she had and lay lightly bowing to the imperceptible swell. An atmosphere of peace seemed gradually to grow up about her; beyond the occasional light clank of a chain or the rustle of a rope there was silence along her decks.

"MUSTER aft here," cried Hapshott. The men slouched along to the afterdeck and grouped themselves under the poop break. The moon sprang up from the blackening sea and shone redly upon them: a full round ball. It showed sullen, despondent faces, faces without a hope. It showed tattered garments, loosely hanging arms terminating in half-clenched fists as if the tarry fingers were still grasping ropes. Mrs. Hapshott drew near to the pinrail and looked down, her heart welled full of pity. She had done something—she had given these overworked beasts of burden one day's rest at least.

"It's stand by till midnight to-morrow," said the skipper in a voice that he fondly hoped betrayed no shame. "There's a holiday from now on. You'll take your wheels and lookouts as usual; beyond that—nothing.



Even the greasy cook, a man of foul speech and unclean habits, found himself the possessor of a sleeved waistcoat knitted out of the fleeciast wool

Understand?" A faint whisper seemed to pass through the ranks, as one might see the wind rustle along a cornfield. One or two of the faces lit up suddenly, sloughed off their assumed age, and became young and comely once more. It was Christmas Eve, and thoughts flew with lightning speed to long-forgotten homes where Christmas had been a festival of delight in those bygone days before the hungry sea claimed them as its own.

"You've got to thank my wife for that," went on Hapshott. "She's asked me to give you a Christmas—a Christmas you'll have. Make the most of it. There'll be a fresh mess served for dinner to-morrow, and there'll be grog for all hands at eight bells. That's all—dismiss." The men broke up, walked forward slowly, then, as if moved by a common impulse, they came back, indeterminate still.

"Ve vish der lady for to dank," grunted a German sailmaker, fingering his cap. "Hey, boys, vat you says? Aindt it right?"

"Yes, ja—dot's it, Hans," came the replies. Mrs. Hapshott was aware of a strange compression in her throat; her eyes smarted. A stiffening of the crew was followed by something faintly resembling a cheer; then the men went forward slouchingly, but their tongues were busy.

THROUGHOUT the night nothing was done; the ship lay motionless on a gradually freshening sea. The wind blew now from the north, now from the west; never twice in the same direction; but, hove-to as she was, the *Uriah B. Gaster* made no headway. Men walked soft-footedly in the gloom, as if afraid to make the slightest sound that would dispel the Christmas peace; they talked in hushed voices, remembering their homes and scenes forgotten.

There were times when, the wind freshening a little,

Mr. Jones had to haul himself back by sheer force from giving the necessary orders. Three times during his watch did he halt on the top of the ladder, his arm full of belaying pins; as often he retraced his steps and thoughtfully thrust the pins back into their places.

"I never knew the old man was so soft," he ruminated heavily, expectorating tobacco juice over the rail. "That's what comes o' having a petticoat at sea—she'll ruin him, she will. The toughest skipper afloat, an' like wax in her hands. I'd thought better of him."

But the skipper's dictum had gone forth, and Jones was too good a seaman to disobey it. He only shook his head over the glories of olden times, and made mental resolutions that the crew should pay with their pain and their sweat for these hours of idleness.

The day broke glowingly, the sun leaped out of the sea as if surprised at the spectacle it discovered. The *Uriah B. Gaster* floated serenely in a welter of eddies, but no long creamy wake stretched astern from her jolting rudder; peace enshrouded her as a tangible thing.

The men seemed not to understand. They hung about the forecabin doors as if expecting every moment to bring a call to labor; but no such call came. Presently they decided that a miracle had happened. One or two of them fetched tubs and commenced to wash their clothes, lighting their

pipes as they worked—and they lit them covertly, as though expecting the sky to crush them in their temerity. Others coiled themselves down in out-of-the-way corners and slept fitfully, with one ear open, ready for a call.

Since there was none to say them nay, they breakfasted together, and discovered men among the opposite watches whom they hardly knew. They discussed this strange happening in undertones, but they rejoiced in their leisure. The breakfast was something out of the ordinary, too; toothsome, edible, it gave them cause to think. Still more did they wonder when, two bells having sounded aft, Mrs. Hapshott appeared among them, her arms piled high with gifts. From the commencement of the voyage her nimble hands had been busy with pins and wool, and now there was something for them all: warm caps that completely covered a man's

head and held him immune from frostbite in the most rigorous weather; mufflers, jerseys, not one was forgotten. Even the greasy cook, a man of foul speech and unclean habits, found himself the possessor of a sleeved waistcoat knitted out of the fleeciast wool.

"Crikey," he said with an oath, "it 'minds me of the things my old mother used for to knit when I was a boy." And his face took on a softened expression.

"I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, men," said Mrs. Hapshott, and they cheered her—they were gaining practice—until the idle yards seemed to swing in answer.

IT WAS undoubtedly a lazy day; it appeared all the more lazy through the unfinished tasks that met their eyes wherever they looked. Dinner time came round, and steaming kits were passed into the forecabin, kits that contained savory joints from the porker killed overnight. The men ate and were thankful, but when a monster plum pudding appeared they stared with awestruck eyes.

"Don't thank me, thank the missus," said the cook, who brought the duff in person. "She made it herself—last night; mixed the whole blame' thing with her own hands. Ain't it a oner?" It was—a very giant among puddings, and as toothsome as it was vast. Came, in the midst of the revels, a call aft, where the steward stood at the capstan with a dipper in his hand. Each man, presenting a pannikin, received a tot of sterling grog, for Captain Hapshott had resolved to do the thing well now he was embarked upon it; no half-water measures for him. Each man, receiving his allowance, raised his drinking vessel in the direction of Mrs. Hapshott, who was watching them from above, and drank a silent toast, to her and to the memory of Christmases past.

So the wonderful day passed away, and once again night drooped down upon the sea.

"We'll have to make up for what we've lost," said the skipper over the supper table that night. We ought to have been a good forty miles further south than we are." He was beginning to repent his action, but the serene content of his wife's face more than made up for this tumbling apart of accepted ideas.

(Continued on page 38)





# The PIRATES' REPENTANCE

by  
ARTHUR CUTTERMAN  
with drawings by  
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



1  
Who else that aids ye Sin-beset,  
For saving Souls hath such Renown  
As Reverend Eliphalet  
Remembrance Wynne of Salem Town!

2  
This worthie Preacher once did sail  
For Portland in ye Province Maine  
Upon ye Packet "Nightingale"  
With Captain Jedediah Kane.



3  
Ye Sloop had found ye Open Sea  
When, black from out ye Offing blue,  
A Pirate Brig came speedilie  
And sent a Shot which brought her to.

4  
Ye Pirates swarmed ye Packet's Side,  
With Horrid Oathes of deadlie Sin.  
Stout Captain Kane they seized and tied;  
They likewise tied good Parson Wynne.



5  
They tightlie bound ye godlie Wynne  
And sacked ye Sloop, that wicked Horde,  
And got them drunk on Rum and Gin  
Which Captain Kane had put aboard.

6  
Yet One there was, a Simple Soul,  
To whom ye Parson preached soe well  
That though his Face was black as Coal  
He knew and feared ye Paines of Hell.

7  
Heart-struck, ye Parson's Bonds he cleft;  
Ye Parson rose in Righteous Wrath  
And smote ye Pirates right and left  
As Samson smote ye Men of Gath.



8  
He trussed them up to Mast and Spar,  
Their Flow of Wicked Oathes to stem.  
He sealed their Mouthes with Pitch of Tar  
And preached True Gospel unto them.

9  
A Sloop to Portland came in State;  
Though void of Gems or Eastern Balms,  
She bore a far more Precious Freight  
Of Prayerful Pirates singing Psalms.



# The Dancer at the Tabarin

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by Henry Kaligh

IT WAS New Year's Eve at the Bal Tabarin in Vienna.

In the center of the long room the girl from Budapest was dancing. She was a tall girl, lithe and supple, and she danced to a clamor of little bells—bells on her garters, bells around her waist, bells concealed that tinkled as she swayed, and protested shrilly when she leaped. Her sensuous dancing pleased the crowd; as she ceased, smiling, with a flash of dark eyes and white teeth, a tipsy officer in uniform presented her with a glass of champagne.

The wild Hungarian music rioted. The musicians, in red coats, with swarthy faces, played furiously. With the near approach of midnight a frenzy seized the crowd. The merriment of the carnival was giving place to something less innocent.

A man in a loge drank from a woman's slipper.

The loges circled the room. From their railings, red plush and gilt, streamed long thin festoons of colored paper. The air was filled with flying confetti. As a gong announced five minutes before the hour the crowd, tired of the decorum of the tables, surged toward the boxes, where women sat, smothered in flowers—fair women and dark, aigrettes and jewels, gleaming flesh and cool, amused eyes. Behind their white shoulders men lounged, men in court dress or uniform with medals of honor on their breasts.

OUTSIDE, in the streets, and gathered before St. Stephen's Church, a reverent crowd stood in the snow. At the first stroke of midnight the people crossed themselves, and many knelt. But in the Bal Tabarin the noise only grew more boisterous, the music more riotous. Confetti were abandoned for flying flowers—roses and violets, carnations and lilies. The loges were ankle deep in crushed petals. Amid shrieks of laughter a chimney sweep, in official coat and rags, carried a squealing pig from loge to loge.

Behind the bar, at the top of the steps leading from the boxes to the main floor, an English barmaid was sharpening a lead pencil.

A thin young American girl in a dancing dress stood beside her, leaning both elbows on the bar and surveying the scene with frank curiosity.

"Look at the diamond collar on that woman over there with the bandeau!" she said. "Seems to me diamond collars are taking the place of necklaces this winter."

"I'm glad you spoke of that, Tilly." The barmaid yawned and stuck her pencil in her hair. "I'll have some of my stuff made over."

Tilly Reilly laughed. "What's the pig for?" she demanded.

"Luck. They don't look as if they needed it, do they?"

Tilly's eyes had gone back again to the woman with the bandeau.

"I wonder," she reflected, "how I'd look with a black velvet collar like that and a paste buckle on it. I'm so infernally thin!"

TILLY said "infernally." There is strong reason to believe that she would have said "damnably" had it occurred to her. The world had not been kind to Tilly in her nineteen years, and, although she was still sound and fine, there were scratches on her social veneer. Stranded in Europe by the failure of a roving company, in which she had belonged to the chorus, Tilly had refused with loathing the means many of the girls had chosen to get back, and had drifted into the cabarets as the best of a bad job.

For three months now she had been a part of the night life of the city, a dancer at the Tabarin, a familiar figure to rounders, an enigma to the other girls of the cabaret. For Tilly showed a curious willingness to live on her forty kronen a week salary, a hitherto unknown tendency to mind her own business, and an aloofness that was helped by her ignorance of the language.

TO-NIGHT, on this Silvesterabend, Tilly's eyes, as she stared over the revelers, were somewhat clouded. For her contract at the Tabarin expired that night, and she had every reason to believe that it would not be renewed. And when one is making a conscientious effort to live on forty kronen a week and no extras, and has no one to cable to for money—or, for that matter, no money to cable—and has wasted one's substance in riotous living to the extent of a kronen or so every week, a kronen being twenty cents, losing one's job is serious enough.

Tilly's innocence was not ignorance. She knew why she was to be dismissed. Her graceful dancing, totally lacking in fire or sensuality, made no appeal to the satiated *habitués* of the Bal Tabarin: her aloofness irritated them. A man one night had held Tilly tight and tried to kiss her, whereat Tilly had bitten his hand until it bled.

Weininger, the proprietor, had stormed in German, and Tilly, gathering something of his meaning, and desperately alone, had done her best. She had shortened her shabby skirts and, even after a battle royal, consented to dance in her bare feet. The result was curious, incongruous—Tilly, dressed like a bacchante, danced her virginal little dance with shamed, downcast eyes, a travesty of bacchanalia, a child repeating passion by rote.

AND now Tilly was at her last ditch. Before long, at dawn probably, Weininger would dismiss her—not pay her off, for Tilly had drawn her salary ahead, being given to the aforesaid riotous living, and having at Christmas, the week before, presented to the children of the *portier* at her *pension*, the only Christmas they had received. Also Tilly had made herself a present of a chiffon waist. Undoubtedly, Tilly had been extravagant. She did not yet know whether her delight

"Hell of a racket, isn't it?" observed the barmaid perfunctorily. "I wish I could get a cup of tea somewhere. Sometimes I—look in that box over there! Aren't they Americans?"

Tilly looked across to where, in a loge, a young woman was sitting. Beside her, laughing and pelting the crowd below with roses, were two men in evening dress. One, the younger, was looking across at Tilly. "Look like it," said Tilly indifferently. She had grown familiar with touring Americans seeing the sights of the night city; she had ceased to expect anything but curiosity from the women and overt familiarity from the men. "Look like New Yorkers. You can tell New York clothes far as you can see them."

In the recurrence of the performance Tilly's turn was approaching again. She stooped under the bar and brought up a box of rouge and a broken mirror. Careless of onlookers, she touched up her round young cheeks, crimsoned her lips a trifle more, and put fresh powder in the hollows that a thirty-kronen-a-week *pension* had left in her neck.

The Cossack dancers, a man and two girls, were finishing. The rhythmic beat of their heavy boots on the floor raised a light cloud of dust. Hampered by the encroaching tables, they danced furiously, giving vent to the curious shrill cries of the *steppes*. Tilly kicked off her shabby slippers and examined the sole of one bare foot.

"I picked up a rose thorn the last time," she remarked. "And some one has broken a wineglass. I wish they'd sweep the floor."

THE barmaid was large and very blond. To-night, with nothing but champagne on sale, she was not busy, having only the waiters' checks to look after. She pinned a pink rose in her bosom, and looked at Tilly with not unfriendly eyes.

"Have you seen Weininger?" she asked. "He was looking for you."

"I'm right here when he wants me." Tilly's tone was defiant. The blond barmaid leaned over and put a hand on her arm.

"Take it from me," she said, "you do what he wants. You're a long ways from home, kid. You can dance all right. I've watched you, and I know. But you've got to put some snap into it to-night if you want to hold your job. You dance like a Sunday school!"

She pushed Tilly toward the steps with a kindly contempt. But Tilly turned, speaking over her thin shoulder:

"Tell Weininger, for me, to go to the devil!" she said, and advanced delicately on her bare toes to the top of the half dozen stairs leading down to the floor. She stopped there a moment or two, looking out over the crowd. And, lingering there, her indifferent eyes fell on the loge across and met those of one of the men. He was watching her, and now he smiled. It was a smile, not a leer. Tilly smiled back at him with a flash of amusement in her Irish eyes. It was as if their glances had met in a mutual, amused tolerance of the scene that lay between them. Where Tilly had been reared the Godspeed of a smile between strangers was not necessarily evil.

"What a pretty little dancer!" said the woman in the box. "She looks Irish, doesn't she?"

"American, I think; I'll tell you in a moment."

The young man who had smiled at Tilly bent over and selected some flowers from the mass on the table. From across, Tilly watched him soberly. First he held up a red rose, smiling over it at her. Then he added to it a white carnation and held both up. Something of expectancy gleamed in Tilly's blue eyes.

Finally, after much searching, he found a blue violet, and with a little air of triumph extended the red, white, and blue cluster. Tilly smiled again, showing her small teeth, and nodded vigorously. The young woman in the box bent over at that and bowed. It was a little low, as if she had said over all the heads: "My country-woman, greetings."

"She looks like Botticelli's Spring!" said the woman in the box. "How exquisitely proportioned she is, and look at her feet! Did you ever see such beautiful feet?"



Tilly, dressed like a bacchante, danced her virginal little dance with shamed, downcast eyes, a child repeating passion by rote

in the waist was not eclipsed by her pain at her improvidence.

Weininger would dismiss her probably at daylight, and she would have to hunt another job, and if that failed—she shuddered and closed her eyes. She had passed women in the gray dawn standing on the street corners—sometimes a group near a grating, for warmth. Tilly had always passed them with horror in her eyes, and now perhaps in a night or two—or a week or a month, depending on her resistance, and how long she could go hungry—



The younger man said nothing, but he bent forward, watching Tilly.

"She looks quite—nice, too." The woman again: "What a horrible place for her to be!"

The older man laughed and signaled the waiter for more champagne. "One sees those things in Europe," he said tolerantly. "These cabaret girls are all alike—bad clear through. But some of them are like that—little devils with the eyes of saints."

Tilly looked across again. The kindness in the younger man's eyes had not faded. And now he called the *Kellner* and pointed out a broken wineglass on the dancing floor. The *Kellner* bowed and departed. A little wave of warmth and well-being stole over Tilly's lonely heart. Some one was solicitous for her—some one who wished nothing of her, who did not leer, but smiled. Something that had seemed to have stifled in the smoke of the Bal Tabarin, or died of starvation *en pension* at thirty kronen a week, suddenly awakened to life in Tilly's breast, a something that was not afraid of the gray women on the street corners, a something that could smile in the tainted air of the Bal Tabarin, and slip, unscathed, from under the clutching fingers of the birds of prey that haunted it. And the something hated Tilly's bare legs and shortened skirts and the dance that was an imitation of the girl from Budapest.

The Cossack dancers had finished. Their athletic dancing received scant applause. The crowd, stimulated to the highest point, desired an appeal to its senses, roused with wine. In some of the boxes men sat with their arms around the shoulders of the women. The leader of the orchestra was waiting, his eyes on Tilly. Behind the musicians, near a pillar, she could see Weininger, his heavy black brows drawn together, watching her. Tilly padded down the steps in her bare feet and stood with her arms poised, waiting for the music. And, as she stood, the American flung the tiny red, white, and blue nosegay to her. She stooped and picked it up.

TILLY was not a heroine. She was only a girl who had been driven hard, and who now, in the enemy's country, stood with her back to the wall. Or perhaps it was a ditch, after all, not a wall. With the flowers in her hand, Tilly danced, danced in her thin short skirt and her bare legs. But with Weininger glowering at her, showing his teeth, with the women in the loges sneering and the men disappointed and bored, to the sensuous Hungarian music Tilly danced again the virginal little dance of her early days at the Bal Tabarin, looking, as she did it, like cool spring come again in the midst of hot, voluptuous summer.

And when she had finished, without a glance at the man in the box, she gathered her rouge and her broken mirror from under the bar, and disdaining Weininger's fury and the thought of the *pension* at thirty kronen a week—and no thirty kronen—she shook the dust of the Bal Tabarin from her feet.

The night was very cold, and Tilly's street garments were thin. As the doorkeeper let her out into the street one of the eternal gray figures on the corner moved, only to fall back into the shadow. Tilly's mood was exalted. She felt in her purse and found two kronen, and, holding them out, she faced the shadow. She spoke no German, but her gesture needed no interpreter.

"For heaven's sake, go home and go to bed!" she said. "You make me nervous."

TILLY slept late the next morning. She crawled out into her cold room and put a handful of coal in the tile stove, lighting it with kindlings the size of matches and a bit of paper. Then she went back to bed until the fire should make an impression on the temperature of the cold room, and sitting up, with her ulster around her shoulders, she examined her feet.

They were covered with scratches from the rose thorns of the night before, and one toe had been badly cut by glass. Not only that, but a streak of red ran from the toe up to the arch of Tilly's foot. Tilly looked at it in dismay.

"Wouldn't that scald you?" she demanded, plaintively, aloud.

She sat for some time looking at the foot. In Tilly's business, feet are of primary importance, meaning, as they do, clothing to wear, a shelter over one's head, and *pension*, at say thirty kronen—or six dollars a week. Not that Tilly's *pension* was worth that sum, but Tilly's occupation being precarious as well as dubious, and times being hard, as they always are in Austria, she paid the usual percentage of her youth, inexperience, and friendlessness. So now she looked at her right foot and whistled.

She stepped out onto the cold wood floor. Both feet were painful, the right one hardly more than the left. She got a rag and some cold cream, and tied up the cut, and then hobbled to the bell and rang for her coffee. To supplement the meager *pension* coffee and

By noon she was more cheerful, and she manicured her nails. But her foot was worse. She could hardly walk. Dancing was out of the question, perhaps for a week, possibly more.

She sat before her shabby toilet table, with her heavy brown hair about her shoulders, and looked at herself in the glass, and went over the situation. She knew she was pretty: dressed like the women in the boxes the night before, she would have been beautiful. She even put her hair up in a great loose knot,

as she had seen the woman with the diamond collar wear it, and slipped a pink garter around as a bandeau. The effect was ravishing.

Whereon Tilly took the garter and put it in the stove, with a feeling of purifying her thoughts and putting temptation behind her, and was obliged to tie up her stocking with an old ribbon.

She limped out to the *pension* dining room, and ate her boiled meat and fruit compote and creamed carrots and afterward she told the landlady, with the aid of a German dictionary, that she had been "fired," causing great confusion in that person's breast, until she learned that "fired" did not mean combustion, and that Tilly meant "dismissed." Whereat the confusion ceased and became purpose, said purpose being to get rid of Tilly as soon as possible. This she did, in gestures that required no dictionary.

TILLY crowded a shoe over her aching foot, put on her ulster, gathered up her shabby little muff, and limped out. She had not a krone to her name, and she was a vague but sufficient number of miles—somewhere in the thousands—from home. Although "home" to Tilly meant the United States, "home" as consisting of so many rooms with hot and cold water, cabinet mantels, and cemented cellar, was something she did not possess.

She went to the Prater that afternoon, and sat on a bench watching the carriages go by. Once she saw the woman who had worn the bandeau the night before. She was in ermine from head to foot, hat, muff, and long coat. Pinned to her muff was a great cluster of fresh violets. Tilly's contemptuous smile was a bit tremulous. She had nothing to eat, of course, and her foot was hurting more—she hoped it was only the cold.

At dusk an officer in uniform, sauntering by, stopped and looked at her. Then he said something in German; Tilly was glad she did not understand. She looked past him, frigidly, and he went on, shrugging his shoulders. He had only asked her if she was cold, and would like a cup of coffee, but Tilly was in arms against the world. Perhaps, most of all, Tilly was in arms against herself. She was afraid of where hunger and cold and loneliness might drive her. She was alone in Vienna: she had no friends and no money. She could not even speak the language. No doubt there were places, even in that most medieval of cities, where she might have applied for help and received it. But Tilly's idea of relief was the Actors' Fund on the other side of the globe.

At ten o'clock that night Tilly limped to the Bal Tabarin and asked to see the barmaid. The doorkeeper would not admit her, and said roughly in bad English that the barmaid was not there. Tilly did not believe him. She staggered away, back to her bench in the park, and lapsed into a sort of stupor from cold and discouragement.

IT WAS almost midnight when a policeman roused her and made her move on. She was acutely wretched. Her foot was increasingly painful. Long before she had unfastened the buttons, but the torture of the swollen toe persisted. She was not starving, but she was weak with hunger and numb with cold. Still, her determination did not give way. All that was gone was her perspective: she could see only two ways out of her wretchedness, and one was unthinkable. The other—?

She turned toward the Prater lake and made her way



When she saw him, or perhaps before she saw him, the horror of what she was doing came over the girl like a cloud

roll—for Tilly was a healthy young animal—she got an egg from the washstand drawer, and filled a tin cup with water from the pitcher. The little red, white, and blue bouquet came out with the water, and Tilly picked it up and looked at it.

THE flowers and her bad foot, and not having had her coffee yet, which is enough to make the strongest soul pallid, got rather on her nerves. She put the egg inside the stove to cook, and then she sat down, with her ulster over her nightgown, and looked the said pallid soul in the face. She had been a fool, and she knew it. If she had pleased Weininger last night, he would have looked after her until her foot got better. And now here she was, far from home—Tilly was vague about how far she was from home, but it was far enough—and out of a job. Why? Because a man she would never see again—and she wished to heaven she'd never laid eyes on him—had smiled at her across the Bal Tabarin.

Tilly's egg cooked quite hard and her coffee, put down with a slam outside her door, grew cold, while she sat there, hating the young man. Why shouldn't a girl dance in her bare legs? Didn't dozens of girls do it? But what was the use of sitting there like a fool, anyhow? She'd never dance again. She'd probably lie there and starve, or they would take her to the *Allgemeine Krankenhaus* and cut off her leg. At this Tilly cried a little, and ate her egg, cooked as hard as a stone.

She cleaned up her room, having a strong instinct for tidiness, and she soaked her foot in hot water.



They were covered with scratches from the rose thorns of the night before, and one toe had been badly cut by glass

there slowly along a snow-covered path. She was shaking with fright, but her determination held. There were only two ways out. This was one, the other being unthinkable. She said, over and over, mechanically, "I'll die first." She even heard herself saying it. And so, limping and shivering, she reached the bank of the Prater lake.

She would not look at the water. She put her muff on the ground, and tried with her stiff fingers to take out her hatpins. She was past thinking: certainly there was no reason for saving the hat. And then, suddenly, her eyes fell on the lake, and she broke into choking, hysterical laughter.

This way was closed. The lake was frozen, solid.

HAVING seen his sister and her husband off for the opera, Sullivan had his evening free. He went to a theatre, and found his meager knowledge of German, complicated by the atrocious Wiener dialect, inadequate. Had he been quite frank with himself, he would have acknowledged that he was only passing the time until the Bal Tabarin opened after the opera.

Sullivan had thought, at frequent intervals during the day, of Tilly Reilly—not, of course, that he called her Tilly Reilly. He had thought mostly of her eyes, eyes that did not belong to the Bal Tabarin, eyes that had smiled frankly into his, eyes that had dropped demurely as she danced. And the dance! The daintiness of it, the modesty which made her slim young legs and feet, in their scant white draperies, so childish. And this flower of spring in that hothouse of vice!

Sullivan went to the Bal Tabarin. He was very early. Instead of a loge, he took a table near the center of the room, and sat back, smoking a cigarette and watching the place fill up, first with citizens bringing portly wives and ordering cheap Austrian wines, then officers, students in corps caps, a loge full of Chinese from the embassy, and last, for effect, the aristocracy of the half world, who came here, night after night, showing their beauty in the loges like merchants shrewdly placing their goods on display.

Sullivan found them uninteresting. He was much more absorbed in the dancing floor. From where he sat, he could see how the heavy boots of the Russian dancers had splintered the wood. What a place for that child in her bare feet! And last night there had been broken glass.

HE WATCHED with more eagerness than he would have cared to admit for Tilly. With the informality of the cabaret, the performers lounged around the doorways or mixed with the crowd. At a table in the corner three English girls, who did a clog dance and sang an English music-hall song or two, sat talking together. One of them was crocheting: one, a thin girl, wore a woolen shawl over her shoulders and coughed steadily. Their costumes were dirty: their eyes hard and calculating.

The Apache dancers did their turn, with much pulling and twisting, much flying of skirts and revealing of hideous lingerie and thick cotton stockings. A colored boy, fresh from Georgia, sang ragtime to the mad enthusiasm of the crowd. But Tilly did not appear. Sullivan ordered tobacco, another pint of

white wine. The atmosphere was reeking: the incessant uproar of the orchestra got on his nerves. When it became clear that the program had reached its end, and was about to repeat, Sullivan got up and sauntered to the bar. He had seen Tilly talking to the barmaid the night before.

But the barmaid was a different one, a black-haired French girl. She said, with a shrug of her shoulders, that the *Fräulein* was *krank* and was not there to-night. She knew nothing of Tilly, and made poor work of understanding him. In a sort of rage of disappointment he got his hat and overcoat, and left the building. His anger was partly at least at himself, that he should be so interested in this chit of a girl, who was doubtless, as his brother-in-law had said, "a little devil with the eyes of a saint"; anger that he should have made himself conspicuous by asking for her; that he should be leaving with a feeling of failure at not having seen her.

He refused a cab. A fine white snow was falling in the narrow streets. At the corner a woman was standing, head bent to the storm, looking, in the wind, like some gray night bird, waiting and ominous. With a shudder of disgust, Sullivan buttoned up his coat and turned to start.

He had taken perhaps a dozen steps when a slim figure stepped out from the shadow of the building, and put a timid hand on his arm. Sullivan stopped sharply and shook off the hand. The light from a street lamp, at that moment, by some caprice of the wind, cleared of snow, fell on the girl's face. It was Tilly, Tilly, quivering, as white as chalk.

SULLIVAN faced her, almost as white as she. When she saw him, or perhaps before she saw him, the horror of what she was doing came over the girl like a cloud.

"Mother of God!" she gasped, and turning, ran, with all the speed of her cold limbs and aching feet, down the street, with Sullivan after her.

He overtook her in a dozen strides, caught her by the shoulder and wheeled her about to face him. Even in that instant, his anger had turned to pity.

"I'm not going to hurt you, child," he said. "I am only—what are you doing out here in the storm?"

Tilly swayed, somewhat, and closed her eyes. Desperate as she was, she felt the shaken depths in the man's voice.

"I am going to take you home." Tilly stirred at that. "Home!" The word brought bitterness with it. She jerked her arm free. "You let me go!" she cried, shrilly. "If I want to go to the devil, it's my business, isn't it? I don't want pity. I only want to be let alone."

Sullivan looked down at her. His eyes were still kind, but something had faded out of them; perhaps it was faith that had gone.

"To think," he said slowly, "that last night I thought—I would have sworn that you—"

And at that, without warning, Tilly burst into loud, hysterical sobbing.

"I never did it in my life before!" she choked. "Never! Never!"

The snow was falling heavily now. Out of the white

wall an occasional cab emerged to lose itself a moment later. Laughter and music, and the rhythm of dancing feet, came through doors that opened and shut. In the night city, no one is curious; each is intent on his own affairs. And so, undisturbed, Sullivan let Tilly cry out her tortured young soul on his shoulder.

After a time she grew quieter. He hardly knew what to do. He could take her to his sister—meant to, of course—but not at that hour of the night. He must get her under shelter somewhere. Asked where she lived, she said, "Nowhere," and told her brief little story between dry sobs. Sullivan, at his wits' end, called a cab and helped her into it. It was when she crossed the pavement that he saw how lame she was. At the memory of her slim bare feet and the splintered floor at the Bal Tabarin he swore under his breath.

HE TOOK her to a small hotel which the cabman, with a leer, suggested. The character of the place troubled Sullivan no whit. He wanted to see the girl comfortable, and fed, and more than all, mentally normal again. There was no lift. He and a *portier* assisted her up the stairs, and laid her on a bed in a tawdry little room. Although it was after two in the morning, the *portier* brought some hot soup, and Sullivan, drawing up a chair, fed her by spoonfuls.

Tilly lay back with closed eyes and open, childish mouth. When the soup was done, she looked at Sullivan gratefully.

"I didn't know there were men like you in the world." She held out her hand to him, and he took it between both of his.

"I thought all men were rotters," she said, sighing happily. "You—you're the best man I have ever known." Sullivan flushed uncomfortably.

"I guess the average is higher than you think," he said. "Sure you are warm enough?"

"Fine."

"Foot feel better?"

"It aches—some," she admitted.

"Don't you think you'd better take off your shoe and look at it?"

"I will—" she hesitated. "If you will turn your back."

Sullivan gravely went to the window and stood, his back to her, while she took off her shoe with a sigh of relief, and then her stocking. The foot was swollen. "It looks pretty bad. Would you—perhaps you'd better look and see if it is poisoned?"

SULLIVAN came over and looked down judicially. Then he stooped and poked lightly at the swelling with awkward fingers. "It looks bad enough, poor little foot!" he said gently. "We'll have a doctor to look at it in the morning."

"I can't lose it," wistfully. "If I can't dance again, I—"

Her chin quivered.

Sullivan looked at her.

"What if you can't dance again?"

Tilly met his eyes.

"I'll starve to death," she said simply.

She went to sleep almost immediately after that, one arm thrown up over her head, the other across her childish breast. Sullivan lowered the light, creaking

(Concluded on page 37)



# The Christmas Miracle

By Angela Morgan

**D**o you know the marvel of Christmas time,  
The miracle meaning of song and chime,  
Of hearty love and huge good will,  
Of feasts that gladden and gifts that spill?  
Do you know what happens to homes and men  
When Christmas love is abroad again?  
Could you look beneath, you would see the rush  
Of a flood as real as a river's gush;  
A torrent wonderful, deep, and wide,  
That sweeps the world in its magic tide.

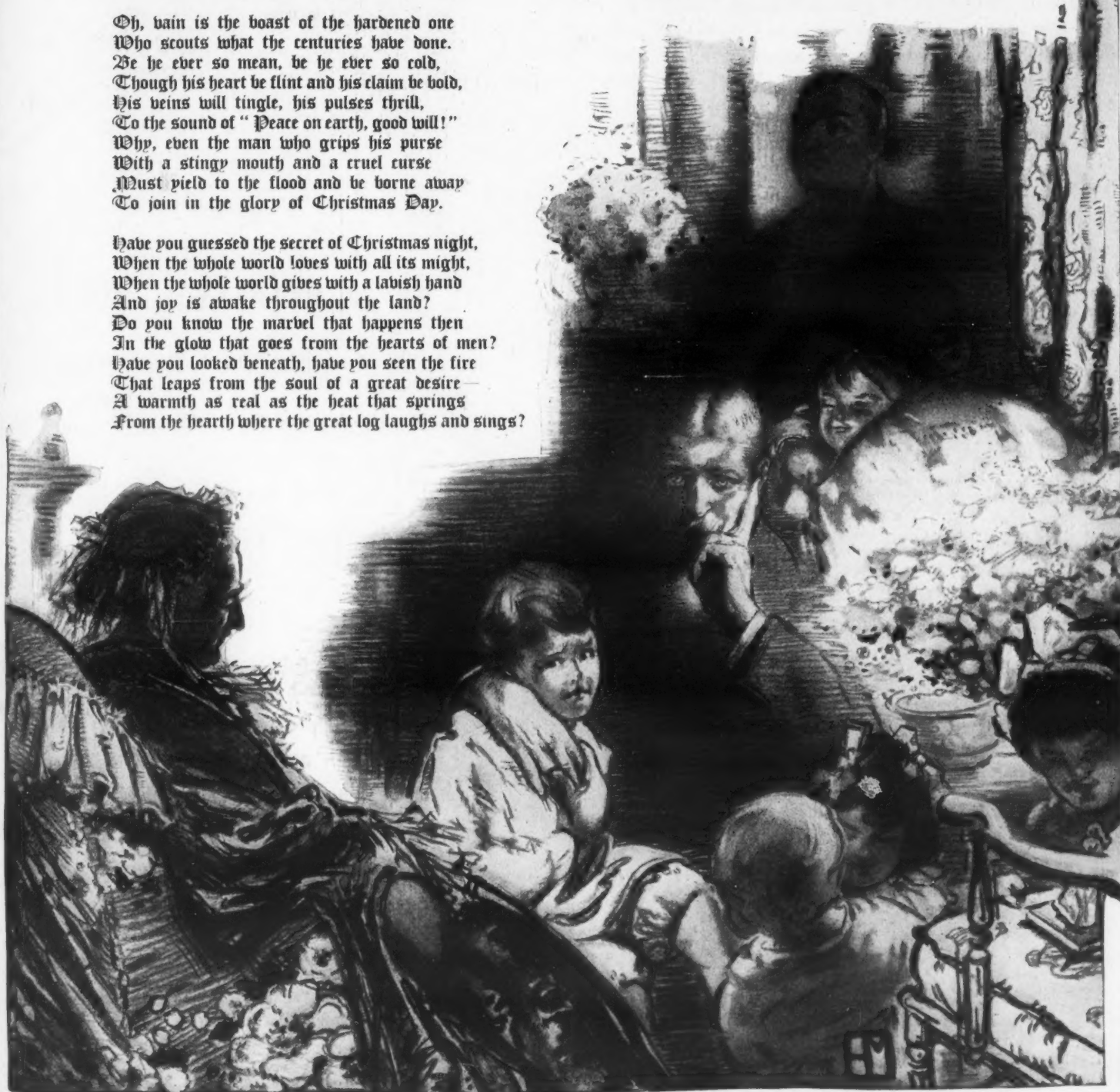
Oh, it isn't the gift, and it isn't the feast;  
Of all the miracles, these are least.  
It's the good that flows from the hearts of men  
When Christmas love is abroad again.  
For wishes are real, and love is a force,  
And the tide, which ages ago had source  
In the heart of a babe, has grown and gained  
Till all humanity, single-beined,  
Answers the call of the mighty surge,  
Swings to the great resistless urge.

Oh, vain is the boast of the hardened one  
Who scouts what the centuries have done.  
Be he ever so mean, be he ever so cold,  
Though his heart be flint and his claim be bold,  
His veins will tingle, his pulses thrill,  
To the sound of "Peace on earth, good will!"  
Why, even the man who grips his purse  
With a stingy mouth and a cruel curse  
Must yield to the flood and be borne away  
To join in the glory of Christmas Day.

Have you guessed the secret of Christmas night,  
When the whole world loves with all its might,  
When the whole world gives with a lavish hand  
And joy is awake throughout the land?  
Do you know the marvel that happens then  
In the glow that goes from the hearts of men?  
Have you looked beneath, have you seen the fire  
That leaps from the soul of a great desire—  
A warmth as real as the heat that springs  
From the hearth where the great log laughs and sings?

Oh, it isn't the holly, it isn't the snow,  
It isn't the tree or the firelight glow:  
It's the flame that goes from the hearts of men  
When Christmas love is abroad again.  
'Tis the laughter of children, quivering high  
In a shower of radiance to the sky.  
For wishes are real, and love is a force,  
And the torch which ages ago had source  
In the star that lighted the wise men's way  
Burns with a magical fire to-day.

So great the shining, so pure the blaze,  
It reaches beyond, through the stellar ways,  
Till—listen! A wind voice told it me—  
Our globe that swims in ethereal sea  
Glow like a lamp whose flame is love  
To the other worlds that swing above;  
And this the signal that makes them know  
We have hearths and homes and cheer below.  
Why, gods and angels walk by the light  
That streams from the earth on Christmas night!





## Franklin Big Six—"38"

Franklin Big Six, Model D, 38 H.P., 5 passenger Touring or 4 passenger Torpedo-phæton, \$3600, regularly equipped with

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Franklin six cylinder models are equipped with the Entz Electric Starter and Lighting System. The Entz is a real self starter with really original features. It is permanently connected to the engine and not only starts the engine but keeps it from stalling. The Entz System is the last word in self starters. No other system equals it for simplicity and efficiency.

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## The Christmas Seeds

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

I'm planting the seeds of the Christmas tree;  
I found them all myself  
High up with other forgotten things  
On the toppest nursery shelf.

Such beautiful ones! All pink and green  
Purple and yellow and blue!  
And when they grow up I'll have lots of trees,  
And then I'll give one to you.

They'll blossom out here on Christmas Day  
When everything's white with snow  
And all the people will come and say  
"My! How those trees did grow!"

And Santa Claus will be so surprised  
When he hears how I did it myself  
By planting the seeds of last year's tree  
That I found on the nursery shelf.



# Gillette Safety Razor

Gift Suggestion!  
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Ten Days  
Away

Get *Him* a Gil-  
lette Safety  
Razor—and  
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**Y**OU for one give him something useful—a Gillette Safety Razor or Combination set—instead of the usual Christmas fripperies, the canes, slippers, paper cutters, and cigar holders that disappear so soon after Christmas Day.

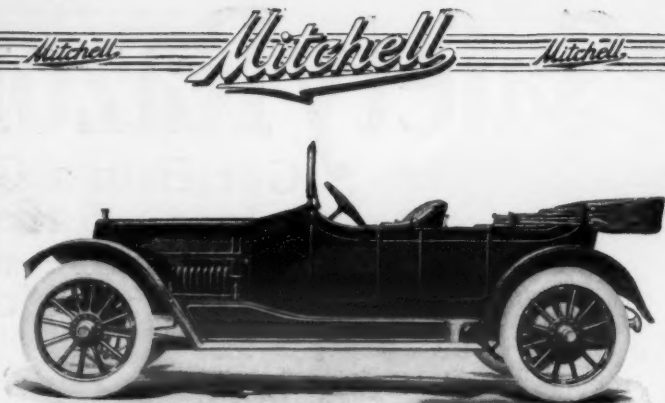
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This is a strong statement. Everyone will say so, everyone is wondering how it can be done.

But the statement is no bigger than the facts. It is being done, and you can read the details here. Then you can prove them at the nearest Mitchell dealer's.

There you can see the new T-head motor (the power producer) with the long stroke (6 and 7 inches). This is among the big features in the 1913 Mitchell and has been proved far superior to all previous types of motor.

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In every line it shows American staunchness and reliability, with the right suggestion of elegance that is associated with the foreign motor cars; it is long, low and impressive looking, with unequalled comfort provided by the new style French Belaise springs.

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All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels

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7-passenger Six	60 H. P.	144-in.	4 1/4 x 7 in.		\$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P.	132-in.	3 3/4 x 6 in.		1,850
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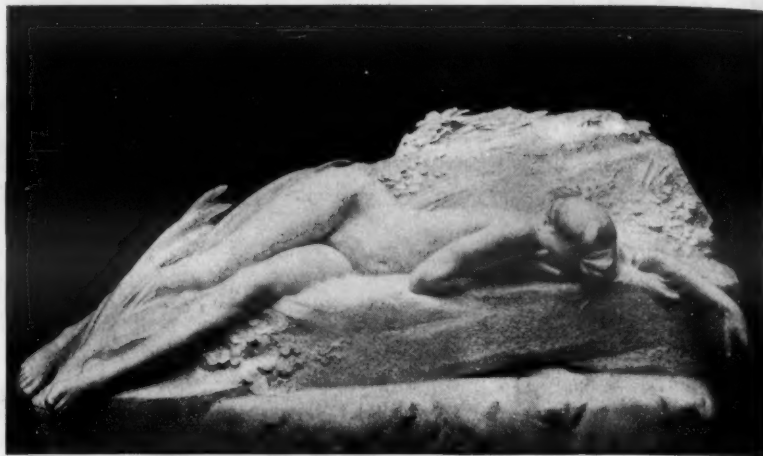
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## A Consumer's View of Sculpture

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

**I**T IS hard to think of another commodity in America about which the consumer has been less consulted than he has about sculpture. Nobody ever got any serious enjoyment out of the sort of statue that is common in squares and parks unless it is possible that their producers might detect felicities not apparent to the rest of us. That Kansas City alderman who arose in the Council and, like another Patrick Henry, passionately declaimed, "Art is on the bum!" bespoke the sentiment of a large proportion of the sight-consuming public. We have a feeling that a greater part of the tax money we have paid for plastic art has been spent injudiciously. Recent years have been productive of better returns on the investment, but far too many works of meaningless mediocrity remain to taunt us.

The word "sculpture" conjures visions of a legion of examples of the basest uses to which our public moneys have been expended in the name of Art. Ninety in every one hundred statues of the statesmen are Daniel Websterian poses, of which one of the most popular is a gentleman in a bath robe making a commencement day address, one hand on



Youthful figures that tingle with joy and motion—"A Discovery at Pompeii," by Moulin



Sculpture as beautiful and eloquent now as it was in ancient Greece—"The Sorrowful People," by Biesbroeckj

the chest, the other holding back a diploma from an anxious graduate. Whole armies of generals have been cast into the bronze from a mold taken while a tun-bellied draft horse was rearing on two hind legs. Children rarely occur in our public statuary except in park fountains. A courthouse is not complete without a blindfolded goddess on the dome, furnished with jeweler's scales and a sword. Occasionally Faith, Hope, and Charity occur in lounging dress and in easy attitude, done in bas-relief on the gable end of an imitation Athenian temple. There are instances in which a Diana has been given preference over the popular gilt rooster as a weather vane. In museums or libraries most of us have seen an Apollo Belvedere. The armless Venus is common; and in recent years many a pedestal carries a plaster miniature of the headless winged Victory.

But that ends what the average person knows about sculpture. He never has a fair chance to see much else. The new plastic work that is well displayed is too often highly conven-





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Timidity, wonder, grace—"Violets,"  
by Larche



## Sculpture

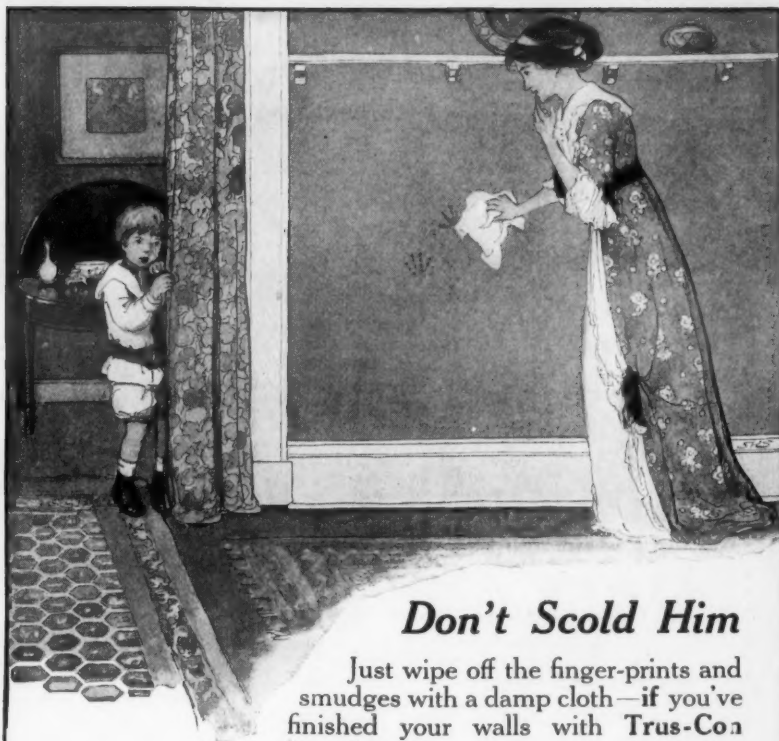
(Continued from page 32)

tionalized, half of the time even to the verge of absurdity. There are far too many plaster casts from an extremely limited number of the antique masterpieces, and a great deal of affectation in speaking about them. Young ladies who have had one or two lessons in china painting feel that they must stand enraptured before a Venus of Milo as a plain matter of duty, though at heart they may be tired of the everlasting sight of her. In our public schools an impression is general that very little plastic art of the present day, with the possible exception of a few things luckily hit off by Monsieur Rodin in moments of inspiration, is worth a cultured mind's serious consideration.

WELL may we envy France the little carefully selected collection of modern sculpture in the Luxembourg Museum. Those statues of tired-eyed peasants and laborers tell more than volumes on Socialism; and, for contrast, there are



"The Cold," by Roger-Bloche



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You will find new satisfaction and pleasure in giving these gifts of permanent and everyday usefulness. Every woman wants one or more electric cooking utensils for quick and tasty luncheons. And certainly step-saving Inter-phones would be warmly welcomed by every housewife. There are other

## Western Electric Household Helps

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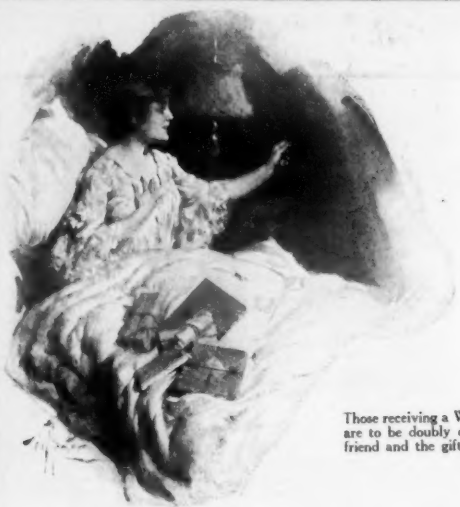
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both men and women. For the ordinary purposes of life it is probably the one best choice from the world of watches. To give one is a compliment, to own one is a luxury.

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Steinway Hall

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Subway Express Station at the Door

Mystery and romantic beauty—"Grief," by Riviere



## A Consumer's View of Sculpture

(Concluded from page 33)

youthful figures in marble and bronze that tingle with joy and motion. Thenissen's carving in oak, "Portrait du Paysagiste Harpignies," or Jean Damp's marble bust of "Le Baiser de l'Aieule," delineate character with the skill shown in Riviere's "Les Deux Douleurs," or "La Source" by Louis Convers. And Raoul Larche in "Les Violettes" has a quality which the ancients would have found most elusive of all. This poem in stone about violets—timidity, wonder,

grace—pervades even the marble until the white has taken on a faint sympathetic tint of blue.

The American collections abound with representatives of imaginary obligations to art's beginnings. None of them leaves the favorable impression in the mind of a consumer that the Luxembourg does, the feeling that plastic art is still progressive and vital, as beautiful and eloquent now as it ever was in ancient Greece.



By Rodin in moments of inspiration  
—"Thought"



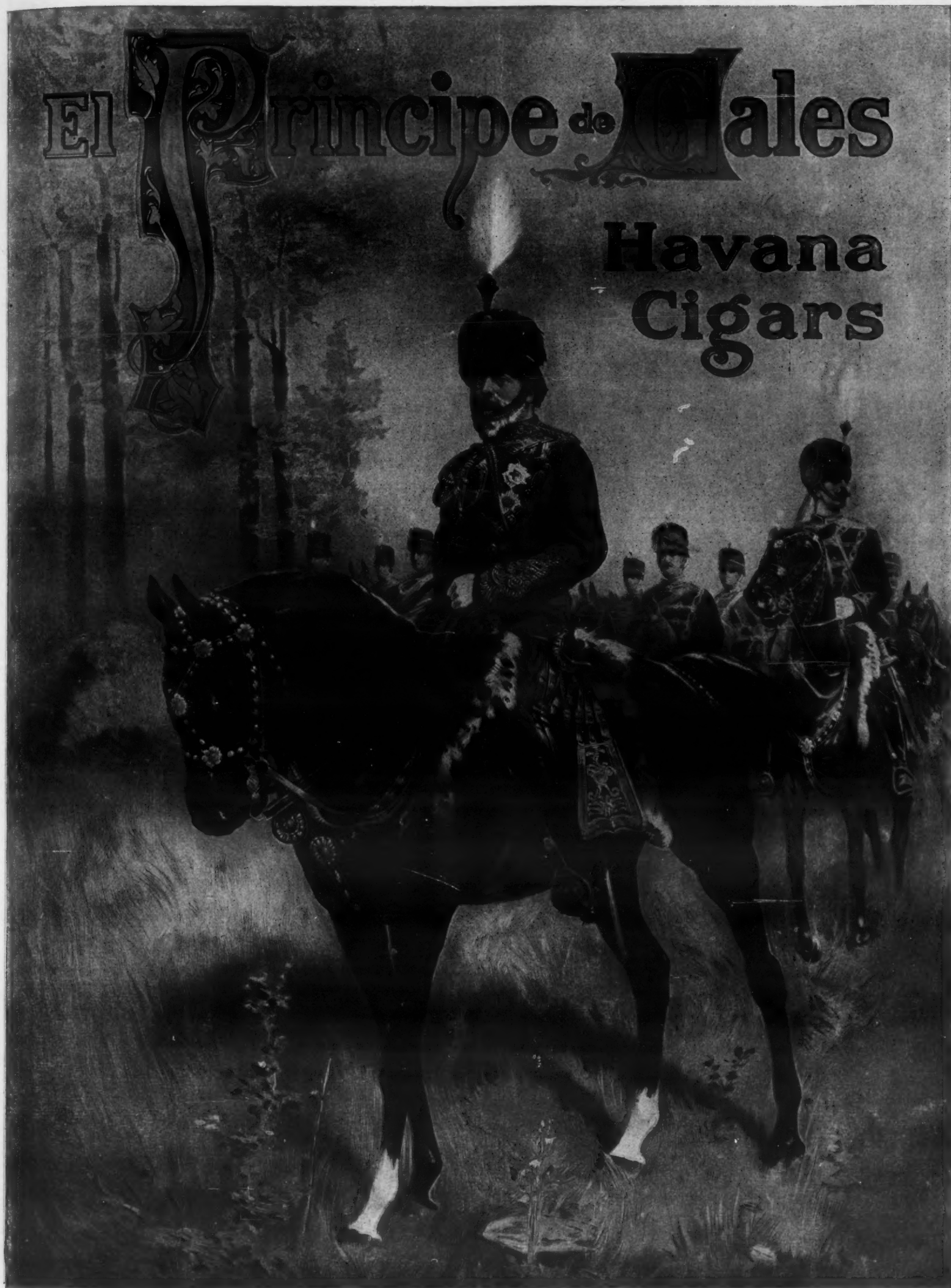
Art is still progressive and vital —  
"Grandmother's Kiss," by Damp



Have you smoked one lately?

# El Principe de Gales

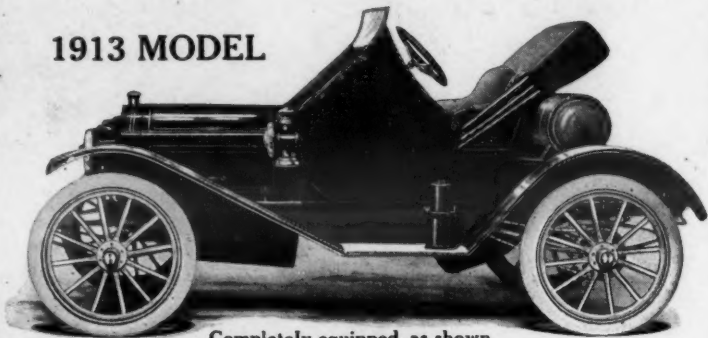
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by systematized and economical manufacturing, in conjunction with what is probably the lowest possible percentage of overhead cost.

The METZ "SPECIAL" is a completely equipped, fully guaranteed car. 22½ horse power, four-cylinder water-cooled motor, high tension ignition system, with Bosch magneto. Standard artillery wheels, best quality clincher tires, extension top, wind shield, five lamps, gas generator, horn, pump, tools, etc. Will travel 5 to 50 miles per hour, climbs hills as fast as any regular stock car made, and is the most economical car on the market to operate.

Write for Illustrated Catalog, Book C

Dealers—This is the biggest proposition that has yet been presented to you. Send for particulars.

**METZ COMPANY—WALTHAM, MASS.**

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**Champion Priming Plugs** start any car or motor easily and instantly, in the coldest weather, because they insure a rich mixture right at the spark point, together with a good hot spark.

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Get a set from your dealer today. Don't wait for cold weather to drive you to it.

## The Lost Road

(Concluded from page 17)

spoils me, and already I have a house to live in, and several sable coats, and oh! everything, everything but the ring."

"I am so sorry!" cried Lee. "I thought you were poor. I hoped you were poor. But you are joking!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "You are here in a working girls' home—"

"It is one of Aunt Emily's charities. She built it," said Frances. "I come here to talk to the girls."

"But," persisted Lee, triumphantly, "if you are not poor, why did you pawn our silver loving cup?"

THE face of the girl became a lovely crimson, and tears rose to her eyes. As though at a confessional, she lifted her hands penitently.

"Try to understand," she begged; "I wanted you to love me, not for my money—"

"But you knew!" cried Lee.

"I had to be sure," begged the girl; "and I wanted to believe you loved me even if I did not love you. When it was too late I knew you loved me as no woman ever deserved to be loved, and I

wanted that love. I could not live without it. So, when I read in the papers you had returned I wouldn't let myself write you; I wouldn't let myself beg you to come to see me. I set a test for you. I knew from the papers you were at the Army and Navy Club, and that around the corner was the recruiting office. I'd often seen the sergeant there, in uniform at the door. I knew you must pass from your club to the office many times each day, so I thought of the loving cup and the pawnshop. I planted it there. It was a trick, a test. I thought if you saw it in a pawnshop you would believe I no longer cared for you, and that I was very poor. If you passed it by, then I would know you yourself had stopped caring, but if you asked about it, if you inquired for me, then I would know you came to me of your own wish, because you—"

Lee shook his head. "You don't have to tell me," he said gently, "why I came. I've a cab outside. You will get in it," he commanded, "and we will rescue our cup. I always told you they would look well together over an open fireplace."

## Magdalen

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

MY father took me by the hand  
And led me home again  
(He brought me in from sorrow  
As you'd bring a child from rain);  
The child's place at the hearthstone  
The child's place at the board,  
And the picture at the bed's head  
Of wee ones wi' the Lord.

IT'S just a child come home he sees  
To nestle at his arm  
(He brought me in from sorrow  
As you'd bring a child from harm);  
And of the two of us who sit  
By hearth and candlelight,  
There's just one hears a woman's heart  
Break—breaking in the night.

## Dead Man's Inn

(Continued from page 14)

probably near Japan, or whether the unusually warm summer had tempted the serpent from some unsuspected lair in the immediate vicinity. Was he old or young, modern or paleolithic? Much depended on the answer to this question, for, if young, he probably had or would have a family. Boys sold pop corn. Ladies and gentlemen, wearing white ribbons, pointed out that rum was responsible, hitting the matter square on the head without knowing it, and getting innumerable signatures on long sheets of paper. A few observers, with the thing staring them right in the face, still insisted that there was no sea serpent, but they were generally regarded with abhorrence and annoyance by their more optimistic neighbors. It was a representative assembly to which the red shirts of the volunteer firemen added a flaming note of color as they manned their engines and squirted industriously down the harbor. Why they were there and what they thought they were doing would have been hard to explain, and yet, just then, it seemed perfectly natural.

"I see him!" shrieked a boy on a lamp-post. "I see his tail a-wrigglin'!"

OUT there on the ocean, indeed, under the mist now disappearing before a lively breeze, boats and vessels were visibly separating, as if, for some unaccountable reason, they had quite lost interest in the wonderful sight they had been in such haste to witness. Perhaps they were satiated with horror. Outward-bound vessels continued seaward; even at that distance they had the air of busy craft that had merely paused a moment to see how this sea serpent compared with others with which they were perfectly familiar. Rowboats and miscellaneous sail came about and were returning leisurely homeward, as if each were generously willing that some other should reap the honor of being first ashore with an account of the battle. And they, too, had the air of saying that sea serpents were all alike, and when you had seen one you had seen all of them. At the very end of the procession, visible between the few boats that still accompanied the corpse, came the monster himself.

Bald Head advanced slowly, behind him his stock in trade for Dead Man's Inn, on either side a boatload of militia, and just in front the official launch of the Salem Custom House. The news that the sea serpent was coming ashore to set

up a tavern had gone from boat to boat and from vessel to vessel; and every repetition made it sound flatter. As for Bald Head himself, still ignorant of his mistaken identity, he only realized in a dull, hopeless way that the law had him, and that he had got to explain himself. But could he do it? Already the simple statement that his ship had been wrecked and everything and everybody lost but himself and his liquor seemed to increase rather than charm away an unfriendly and suspicious attitude of the customs inspector. Evidently what we should now call a "probe" was coming, and there was just one way to prepare for it—to ask himself questions and answer them with convincing frankness. But the trouble with that was to think of the answers. A dialogue, more and more painful, went on in his head as the oars thumped against the thole pins.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"Now then, matie, what's yer cussed name?"

BALD HEAD—"John Jones, Cap'n."

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"I don't think much o' that name. Say it agin."

BALD HEAD—"Bill Bones."

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"That's more like a name, cuss me! Now, Mr. Bones, about this likker—"

BALD HEAD—"Ye see, Cap'n, when th' ship sunk, th' hatch were open, an' everything in th' hold floated out nat'ral-like—"

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"Onnat'ral-like, I'd say."

BALD HEAD—"Wot I means be as when th' ship got afire, th' fire exploded a keg o' gunpowder in th' hold, an' blew off th' deck, an' blew up th' likker, an' me, an' th' leetle boat—"

REALLY there was no way of explaining it: no way but one in which it could possibly have happened! He was not a truthful man by nature, but in this awful crisis truth was stronger than invention. If he had only some way of communicating with his abandoned associates there would still be hope for him. But, alas! where were they? Somewhere on the broad Atlantic, drinking water. Everything was against him. Even his stock in trade seemed to be pulling in the opposite direction, was pulling—

He looked up sullenly. There could be no doubt of it. Kegs, casks, hogsheads, puncheons, and barrels no longer bobbed serenely after his little boat, but tugged in a tautening line toward the



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But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

## Dead Man's Inn

(Concluded from page 36)

familiar stern of a small, rakish-looking schooner. She carried all sail and was just going before the wind, after having made fast to the final hogshead. None but Bald Head had noticed the maneuver, and his heart leaped with a wild throb of joy as his astonished eye grasped the identity of a flaming patch of color just over her taffrail. The fog had lifted. The sun, still nearly an hour high, lighted that patch of color like a red beacon of hope. He knew it was Whiskers. And as the schooner went fair before the wind everything leaped tumultuously in the same direction—the *Tender Polly* herself, the stock in trade of Dead Man's Inn after her, and the prospective landlord of that merry tavern after his casks, kegs, hogsheads, and puncheons. Above the schooner floated the ghastly, fleshless smile of the *Jolly Rover*!

"Sink him!" shouted the customs inspector in a tone of authority.

And the two boatloads of militia, firing remorselessly at the spot that Bald Head had just rapidly vacated, promptly sunk each other. . . .

Several hours later, on the moonlit deck of the *Tender Polly*, nine busy pirates were emptying a hogshead, but this time they were not emptying it into the ocean. And a little apart from the others Bald Head was teaching Yellow Mustaches a new ditty.

"Th' way th' second verse goes, Yaller Mustaches," he was saying impressively, "be like this:

"Ef I made my mind up  
To stop drinkin' rum  
I'd do it as easy  
As snappin' my thumb.  
But wot be th' use?  
Cos it wouldn't agree,  
I bet ye, a bit with  
My stommick an' me!"

## The Dancer

(Concluded from page 28)

around on his toes to avoid waking her. Then he drew a chair close beside the bed, and sat looking at her, at her eyelids, blue-veined and black-lashed, at the purity of her mouth, the sweetness and character of her chin, at the swollen foot, lying on a pillow, with the fine scratches on the sole. And, with the intuition that comes to a man so surely because so seldom, Sullivan knew that the scratches were all of evil that Tilly had carried away from the Bal Tabarin.

Heavy footsteps outside on the tiled corridor threatened to rouse the girl from her sleep. He rose and stood looking down at her. He had an impulse to stoop and kiss her on the forehead, but he did not. Instead, he carried his chair into the hall and sat down, sentinel fashion, just outside the door.

The light from a gas lamp wavered in the draft, faintly illuminating the stone stairs, with their twisted iron baluster. Laughter and music came up the staircase well, but he heard neither. His thoughts had gone ahead to a future in which this girl, this waif he had gathered from the streets, should have her part: to take her back to the homeland, to care for her and cherish her, to see her growing into that purity of womanhood that was her birthright, and then, perhaps, some day to go to her and ask for her love—

It was almost morning. In the Bal Tabarin the girl from Budapest was dancing for the last time. The little bells on her garters tinkled as she swayed. Late as it was, the wild Hungarian music still rioted. As she ceased dancing, an army officer in uniform presented her with a glass of champagne.

TILLY roused from sleep at dawn, and lay a moment, remembering. Then, with her heart beating fast, she limped to the door and opened it. Outside, Sullivan was sleeping in his chair, his head dropped forward.

Tilly stood looking at him with shining eyes. When he slept on, she slipped forward and, dropping on her knees silently, put her lips to the sleeve of Sullivan's New York-made dress coat. Then, flushed and palpitating, she fled back to the room, and stood leaning against the door, trembling, with shining eyes.

"You dear!" she whispered to the door panel. "You dear! I'm dippy about you!"

## Fathers, Mothers, Will You Listen?

Before your boy's mind has absorbed the dangerous, wrecking germ of suggestive reading, act—and act quickly!

Realize how you care for his food, how the doctor is called for little or fancied ills, how you worry when he is beyond your sight—but can you to-day answer the question, "What is your boy reading?"

Think of that boy's receptive mind—open to good or to bad! Understand that a boy left to select bad from good cannot resist alluring titles—poisons that must count in years to come! Don't let them get in his system!

Will you—as a mother or father—allow another day to pass without positively safeguarding your boy with good reading—such as *The American Boy* provides?

Temptations increase every hour! Your boy is a typical American boy, but he is growing, he must take his chances unless *you* guide his mind gently but surely into *right* channels.

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is the boy-saver and man-builder! It contains stories, clean, but red-blooded, lively enough for any boy, yet uplifting and leaving a good lesson—manly reading that gets the boy's attention in a healthy way and holds it! Hundreds of fine stories are published through the year—some as serials, some as short stories—sufficient to keep the young mind busy from month to month. Departments of science and sport and helps in photography and craftsmanship give every issue a wide diversity. Large pages—beautifully illustrated. If *The American Boy* cost ten times the dollar that brings it to your home each month for a year, it would be the cheapest investment you could make.

Father—Mother, the question is right at your door! Realize that the boys who are reading *The American Boy* to-day have the advantage over those who are not so favored.

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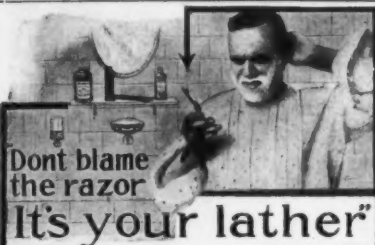
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Philadelphia

## A Christmas Gift

(Continued from page 24)

"But the men have holiday till mid-  
night; don't forget that," said Mrs. Hap-  
shott. "They've enjoyed their day—I  
know it, Hiram. I'm glad I spoke—I'm  
glad I spoke."

She went to bed, but sleep deserted her  
eyelids.

The craving for motherhood that the  
happiness of the day had set aside re-  
turned to her in double measure; the  
fierce mother hunger of her heart would  
not be assuaged. Vainly now did she  
attempt to combat her yearnings, vainly  
did she assure herself that God was  
just and swift to repay a kindly action.

Her child was gone forever; there  
could never be another child. Her life  
was an empty, useless thing—no, not alto-  
gether useless. Twenty men had been  
given a day's happiness through her in-  
tervention; that in itself was something  
to remember with gratitude.

SHE heard eight bells struck overhead;  
she heard the voice of the mate, newly  
come on deck, bawling to the men to  
make sail and trim the yards; she felt  
the ship gather herself together and leap  
through the growing waves; she heard  
the strain and creak of the deck planks,  
the vibrant senses of speed. But still  
she could not sleep; her pain began to  
give place to a growing suspense. She  
was on the verge of some marvelous dis-  
covery—somewhere in the world outside  
there was something that meant more  
than life or death to her.

She rose, slipped on her clothing, and  
went swiftly out on deck.

"Hiram—what was that?" The skipper  
had awakened and, missing her, had made  
for the deck. The faint streaks in the  
sky showed him a strange figure, clad in  
a gaudy sleeping suit such as sailors love.  
Mrs. Hapshott clutched at his arm and  
held tightly.

"What's what?" He had been thinking  
what a fool he would seem if the story  
were ever told of the day now past, and  
his manner was ungracious.

"That!" Her finger was outstretched  
and quivering, but all beyond was still  
dark.

"A sea bird—your nerves are on edge,"  
he told her. "Yes, that's what it is—a  
sea bird; they cry out loud with the dawn.  
It's their way of welcoming it."

Mrs. Hapshott drew herself to the  
taffrail and leaned out, listening. The  
wind was failing again; the ship had  
almost lost her way; she was only crawl-  
ing through the water, to the accompani-  
ment of flapping canvas aloft. Captain  
Hapshott began to pace the deck, looking  
to windward to see what promise the  
growing day would bring.

"Hiram, it wasn't a sea bird!" The  
woman's voice was full of something to  
which her husband could put no name.

"It must have been—what else could it  
be, lass?"

"To me it sounded like—but, no, that's  
foolishness. My mind is playing me  
tricks, husband." But she did not leave  
the rail for fully twenty minutes, and  
then it was to step down the ladder and  
to walk briskly along the deck until she  
reached the forecastle. She could not  
have explained to herself what impulse  
took her there; it was something outside  
herself, some strange power working de-  
tachedly, yet compelling her to obey its  
behests.

She crouched up in the bows, watching  
the sparkle of water spring gurgling from  
the forefoot, watching the frothing  
bubbles stream away on either side the  
black bluff bow. Always that same feel-  
ing of suspense, as if she trembled on the  
verge of a great discovery, held her  
entranced.

Vainly she shook herself and assured  
her own heart of its foolishness. Vainly  
she tried to drag herself away from her  
self-appointed post. The air was chill  
with the beginnings of the dawn wind;  
she shivered repeatedly and remained.

THE ship woke to life about her: the  
men flew aloft and busied themselves  
there; some of them flung water over  
the dry planking and scrubbed stoutly  
with brooms.

There seemed an extra amount of zest  
in the way they worked, as if the leisure  
of the day now gone had invigorated  
them, filled them with a desire to work  
marvels.

Mrs. Hapshott lifted her eyes and  
searched the sea's far rim. Her gaze



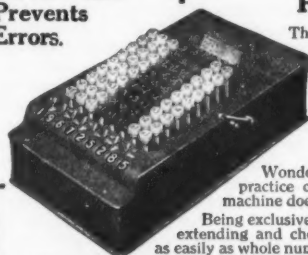
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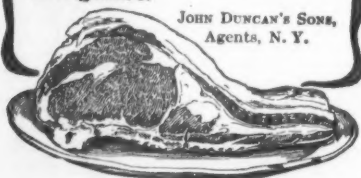
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## A Christmas Gift

(Concluded from page 38)

returned, only to be lifted again; suddenly she stiffened where she stood, and her ears strained.

She sprang upon the rail and stood there erect, her eyes peering intently. Was it fancy or could she actually see something?

There, in the middle distance—a veritable speck in the waste of waters—was it a shadow, was it the fin of a lurking shark, or was it—was it? Two seconds she looked, then she ran aft, the men watching her in wonder.

"Hiram—out there—what is it, what is it?"

She was clutching at him hysterically; he would have shaken her off with a laugh at her self-delusion, but there was that in her face which held him serious against his will.

"What is it? Where?" He would humor her, he said, for never a man had a better wife.

"There!" The finger pointed steadily. "Hiram, I heard a cry." He fetched his binoculars and focused them. Maddeningly slow, she thought him. He searched idly for a moment, then his figure became rigid.

"Back the mainyard," he roared in a mighty voice. From the forepeak, whither he had descended, the mate came aft at a run; the men following fast.

"There's a raft out there—some one on it," said Hapshott slowly, his voice almost drowned by the clatter of the swinging yards.

It was Captain Hapshott himself who sprang into the boat that was hastily lowered; it was he who urged the rowers onward. Mrs. Hapshott, now that the thing was done, was possessed by a curious calmness, that yet held expectancy—something strange was happening out there beyond the range of her vision; but all was working together for good. She tried to focus the binoculars on the boat and on the fragment that floated ahead, but she was all unused to the task, and could make out nothing but a blur.

THE boat turned—hung motionless; those aboard were busy at some task. Then the oars shot out, like the limbs of a gigantic spider; Mrs. Hapshott's heart beat faster and faster—so fast that only with difficulty could she draw her breath.

"Shall we haul you up, sir?" hailed the mate, reaching far outboard, and from Captain Hapshott's lips came a hoarse, unreal cry that Jones took as an affirmative. The boat shot alongside; still the captain's wife did not move from her position by the mizzenmast. The tackles were hooked on, men swarmed up them and added their weight to the falls; the boat leaped upward, was swung in-board.

"Bear a hand here," she heard her husband say; and then the mists vanished from her eyes and she saw clearly. Captain Hapshott was coming aft, talking earnestly to the mate. And in his arms he carried a little child!

They said afterward that Mrs. Hapshott might have been expecting this gift from the sea.

She held out her arms and took the wailing mite, hushing it deftly against that broad maternal bosom of hers, coaxing it, smiling down into its crumpled face. It mattered nothing to her how the babe had come—it was there; its tiny fingers around her finger; its little head nestled against her heart.

"A dead woman and a living child—no signs of identification." The words came to her fitfully, forcing themselves through the strange, hallowed joy that filled her being. "No telling what's happened—must be wife of some skipper—sole survivors—who knows? The woman's dead, poor thing—but the child seems strong enough—will be later."

"If we'd been sailing yesterday we'd have passed it in the dark likely," said the mate; "we'd never have seen it. God! look at Mrs. Hapshott; she's grown younger." The skipper walked across to his wife.

"We'll have to advertise," he said shakily, toying with the little grasping hands. "But likely no one will claim it—it's as much ours as anyone's—I'll tell the steward to make some milk ready."

"Unto us a child is given," said Mrs. Hapshott solemnly. "Hiram, this is God's Christmas present to you and me."

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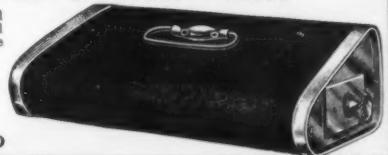
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## The Six Rubies

(Continued from page 19)

should have stopped him. You should have smelt the rubies out like a hound. You'll have the devil of a time collecting them now. My sons are good fighters." He shook all over with laughter.

"Is that quite true?" demanded my Uncle Henry. "It will go hard with you. Matthew, if I find you've been lying again. Is it true that you've sent the six rubies to your six sons?"

"Quite true!" said Cousin Matthew, shaking still with glee. "Each son a ruby, and each will fight for it to his last drop of blood. Where's your pride and your luck and your glory now, eh? Scattered to the four winds!" He rocked back and forth.

MY uncle looked at me, but I said: "Wait a bit!" and turned to Matthew Gaunt.

"Did you send all six of the rubies away by post to-day? Answer me that!" He stopped laughing.

"I tell you once more," said he, scowling, "they've been distributed among my six sons. How many times must I say it? If you'd stopped the postman on your way here—"

"That's enough," said I. That's what I wanted to know." And to my Uncle Henry I said: "One of them is here in the house now." I pointed to the table. See! two coffee cups, two half-empty glasses!"

My Uncle Henry gave a little exultant shout, and Matthew Gaunt got to his feet behind the table, bristling like a dog. "We must search the place!" cried my Uncle Henry. But I shook my head.

"I must. It's my job. Do you stay here and keep guard!"

My uncle's face showed for a moment the swift anxiety, the vicarious fear of a woman's. He might have been my long-dead mother.

"Let me go, Peter lad! I'm an old man. It doesn't matter about me." I touched his arm and laughed.

"D'you think I'm not a match for one of Matthew's sons and a decrepit servant or two? Shame on you!"

Old Matthew shook his fist in the air. There were beads of moisture on his square brow, come there quite suddenly, for he had been as cool as a man at a play until that discovery of mine.

"If you try to search this house," said he harshly, "you'll never leave it alive. You fool, they're six to one! They'll shoot you down like a rat."

I caught my uncle's eye and laughed once more.

"Six? Oh, they're all here, then, and the postman story was a lie! So much the better. We shall have all the rubies in one haul, only I'm afraid it's not true. Is only one of your sons allowed to drink coffee with you, Cousin Matthew?"

He cursed me furiously, and I laughed in his face.

"Don't let him shout or give any signals!" said I to my uncle, "and if I'm gone more than half an hour, kill him and come look for me!" This was in jest, for I hadn't the least idea of causing the death of even so unworthy a being as my Cousin Matthew.

I LET myself out of the room and closed the door behind me. The shock-headed servant boy was there, and may have been listening at the keyhole, for he made a clumsy, desperate attempt to throw himself upon me. I flung him aside and pressed on. The stairs led upward from the back of the hall, and I mounted them quickly, pistol in hand. There was a landing halfway, with a row of stained-glass windows—five of them. No light came through the glass, but the dim glow of an overhead lamp shone down and showed that the middle panel had a coat of arms painted upon it. I looked closer and saw the six gouttes gules upon a sable field. The insolence of it! Not even a "difference," to say nothing of the traditional bend sinister! I drove the butt of my pistol through the glass and heard the bits crash and tinkle down upon some flagging beneath. Then I went on into the upper hall, which was a mere corridor, long and straight and rather narrow, running from front to back of the house, with four doors in recesses at each side. It was lighted very dimly by two hanging lamps.

I tried the first door at the left. It opened upon a small room, lighted and empty. I closed it again with a bang and stood still in the dark recess, waiting.

I may have waited a minute, perhaps less, but it seemed a very long time, when one of the doors far up the corridor—the door of the front room at the right—opened silently; a man's head peered out and was withdrawn again. I knew the head for Enoch's, Matthew's eldest son's, though I had seen the fellow but once before, some years back. There were unpleasant tales told of Enoch.

I went swiftly on tiptoe up the hall, paused an instant outside that closed door, and, pistol ready, entered. The door swung to behind me, and I heard the latch click into place.

It was a large room, nearly as large as the library below. Not a bedroom, for it was furnished only with tables and chairs, a long sofa, and some bookshelves. There was a fireplace at one side and, opposite, a tall mirror with faded velvet hangings. There were the dead ashes of a fire in the grate, and a single large lamp burned on a center table.

The room was unoccupied.

AT first I thought I must, in my haste, have mistaken the embrasure out of which I had seen that furtive head peeping. I turned quickly back to make sure. I felt for the knob of the door, to let myself out, and there was no knob. Then I remembered how promptly the door had swung to after me, how neatly the oiled latch had clicked home, and I knew I had been lured here and trapped like any rat.

For just an instant I was afraid. I had a moment of the trapped rat's panic. Then my spirits rose again, for, after all, the room had two windows, and the wall of the house was covered by ivy. Escape was easy enough if I wished it.

But how had Enoch Gaunt got out of the place? There were no other doors. By a window? I went to one of them and examined it. It was a French window that could be closed only from the inside, and closed it certainly was.

I stood thinking, and once more I began to be a little afraid. It is more exact, perhaps, to say that a kind of uneasiness, very like fear, began to grow in me. I had the uncomfortable consciousness of another unseen presence in that room—the feeling that I was watched by eyes I could not see. I looked about me, and there was no conceivable hiding place for a human being. But, then, there was no visible means of exit other than the door, yet I had seen Enoch Gaunt enter the room, and now he was gone from it like a ghost.

The feeling of another presence near me grew stronger still. It was like something heard or smelled. It was like ghostly noises at night to a child. I began to be more afraid, and I knew that soon I should be running round the walls in a panic. I pulled myself together with a great effort, slipped my pistol into a side pocket, and drew out my cigarette case. I bent over the big lamp on the center table, as if to take a light from it, and saw it was one of those lamps that are extinguished by pressing down a little lever. I put out my hand, and in an instant the room was in darkness.

I chanced to be facing the tall mirror opposite the fireplace, and, as my eyes accustomed themselves to the sudden gloom, I saw a strange thing. I saw that the whole, high, narrow panel of glass, which was perhaps the size of an ordinary door, glowed faintly yellow with light, and that behind it, dim and black, a man's figure stood in a crouching attitude, half turned away, as if for flight.

IT was exactly as if I, outside in the dark, looked in through a somewhat clouded window upon a very dimly lighted room or, rather, passageway, for beyond the man's crouching figure I could see nothing but black hangings turned gray by the faint light which came from somewhere at one side, out of my line of vision.

For a moment I stood staring, and I confess that the back of my head felt cold and that the hair bristled there. Then, all at once, I remembered to have read in an old book of glasses which had all the appearance of a mirror from a brightly lighted room, but were transparent to a spy hiding in darkness behind them. I drew a long breath of relief, and I recall that I even took the time to wonder what possible use old Matthew could have found for such medievalism in Westchester County. Well, I had heard queer tales of Eagle's Nest.

I realized that I was now, in my com-





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## The Six Rubies

(Continued from page 40)

plete darkness, invisible to the man behind that sham mirror. I suppose it never occurred to him that he was visible to me. Certainly he stood still where he was, waiting. I took a step or two. I caught up a small, heavy, mahogany chair, whirled it once round my head, and threw it with all my strength.

THERE was a great, rending, shattering crash and a scream. I leaped forward into the passageway almost as the broken glass shivered about my feet. It was narrow, as I had guessed, and hung with black cloth. It was damp, too, and smelled of confinement and decay. I found that the faint light came from a candle set in a niche in the wall and well shaded.

Before me a dark figure staggered and scrambled and ran, its hands over its face, down the narrow passage. I called out: "Stop, or I'll fire on you!" but the figure ran on, bumping from wall to wall, stumbling, half falling, and I ran after it, my pistol ready in my hand. We came to some stairs leading upward, and there I might have had my man by the heels, for I ran better than he, but I bided my time. We mounted to what seemed a great lumber room under the roof, ran across this, and, on the opposite side of the house, half fell, half leaped down a similar stair. I hung a little back, wary of traps, so that the fellow who fled from me was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet in advance. He looked back over his shoulder, turned suddenly, like a coursed rabbit, there was a great flash of light, and he was gone.

He had not taken time to close the door or panel after him, and when I reached it I saw that he hadn't escaped, for he had caught his foot as he leaped, and fallen full length upon the floor. I stood in the opening and looked down some three feet into a brightly lighted room, hung with flowery chintz and smelling of roses. There was a brass bed under a chintz canopy in a recess; there were comfortable chairs about; there was a fire burning, a lamp on a center table, covered with books and magazines.

Beside the center table, with her hands caught up over her mouth, as if to check a scream, stood a tall young girl with her red hair in a big braid down her back. She was dressed in something straight, white, and clinging. I am unfamiliar with the names of women's garments. She stood beside an overturned chair, silent, her hands over her mouth, and Enoch Gaunt, cut, torn, and bleeding, sprawled at her feet, half under the round table.

He was struggling to get something into his hands. I might have known what it was, but I didn't. I was looking elsewhere. He rolled suddenly over, and without a word, but with sobbing, breathless cries, fired five pistol shots at me in quick succession.

I HOPE he was a better marksman in his calmer moments.

Still that splendid girl did not scream nor shrink, though the air about her was full of biting, acrid smoke.

I stepped down into the room and bowed to her. Enoch scrambled away from me and lay further off, panting. "You are very brave," said I. "I think you are the bravest woman I have ever seen, and I am bitterly sorry for this affront to you. May I ask you, for your own sake, to leave the room a moment? I have to deal with that ruffian on the floor yonder."

Her eyes questioned me over the white hands that were still clasped at her lips, and I shook my head.

"I am not a thief. I have only come to Eagle's Nest for my own."

"He lies! He lies!" cried Enoch Gaunt, on the floor beyond. He got to his knees, chattering like a frightened, wounded ape.

"He's a thief, a murderer. He's—"

"Get up!" said I, looking at him, and he got to his feet, looking toward the door. "You saw him shoot at me," I said to that tall, red-haired girl. "And you saw that I did not shoot back, though I have a pistol here. Won't you please go? I ask it for your own sake."

She looked at me for another long moment, then shook her head, and I sighed and turned to the man.

"For this lady's sake, give me what you have that is mine and I'll go quietly."

"I've got nothing of yours!" he cried, coughing in the bitter smoke. And he grimaced at me and added:

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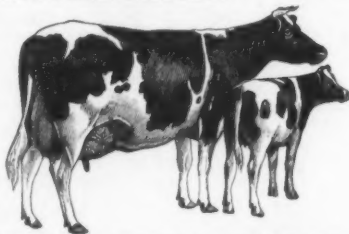
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## The Six Rubies

(Concluded from page 41)

"Thief!"  
"Have I got to make you give it up?" I took a step toward him and he howled and covered his torn face. He was a poor thing. Old Matthew would have been ashamed of him.

THEN the girl, who had been standing silent, went across to where Enoch was and stood before him with her hand on his shoulder.

"Haven't you done enough already?" she asked, looking at me with a kind of high scorn. "You have half killed him." I shook my head.

"I threw a chair at the trick mirror he was hiding behind. The glass cut his face. He's not really hurt, he's only afraid." She looked at him and back at me.

"What is it you want?"

"Only my own. I am Peter Gaunt; since my father's death, three days ago, something very sacred to my family for centuries has been in my care. Last night this coward yonder, or his father, or both, broke into my house, drugged me in my sleep, and stole what is more to me than any other conceivable thing. I must have it, for it stands for the honor of my race."

"Does your honor need something to stand for it, then?" asked the red-haired girl, and I flushed and hesitated, for that was a new point of view to me.

"I hope not," I said at last. "Perhaps 'honor' is the wrong word. Perhaps I should have said 'pride.' Well, the six rubies have been the pride of the Gaunts for a very long time. Shall I let them be stolen from me and from my children and do nothing to get them back?"

The girl caught her hands up to her breast and came a step toward me. Her big eyes looked suddenly much larger—too large for her beautiful face.

"Rubies?" she asked me. "Six rubies?"

And I said:

"Yes. Matthew confesses that he stole them. He has given one to each of his six sons as an insult to me and my house. So I have come for the ruby Enoch has."

The man by the wall burst out with denials and curses, but she turned to him: "Wait!" And came a step nearer.

"The Gaunt rubies. Yes, I know. I know all about them." She seemed in some strange, still state of agitation. She spoke under her breath, as if to herself: "It can't be. I won't believe it. Oh!" She drew a quick breath, that was like a sob. She looked long and hard at Enoch Gaunt, then turned once more to me.

"I must explain why I seemed surprised. You see, to-day is my birthday, and he gave—and I was given a most heavenly ruby as a present—so when you spoke of rubies, I naturally—of course, I—It seemed so very odd!" She looked up at me like a child—a little, trusting child, and her voice had sounded like a child's voice, too. She was, after all, very young, though so tall and brave.

"Of course!" said I. "I understand."

She asked:  
"Would you like to see it? It's so very beautiful—the only beautiful thing I have ever owned. I've been quite mad with delight. When the sun shines through it, or the lamplight—Oh, I can't tell you what it is to me! You must see."

THAT soft and clinging white robe she wore was open a little way down upon the white breast. She put a hand there and pulled out a little gold chain that I had seen about her neck. She drew into sight a great roughly polished stone, so dark in color that it looked black save where the lamplight struck through and made a little spot of crimson against her throat, like a drop of bright blood.

"You fool! You fool!" chattered Enoch Gaunt from where he clung against the wall. He cursed again viciously. "He'll take it and bolt, you idiot!" He stammered on, shivering and shaking, but neither that red-haired young girl nor I seemed to hear him. It was as if he were not there.

"Isn't it heavenly?" the girl cried with shining eyes. She came nearer, holding the jewel out at the end of the chain, and I moved awkwardly a step and took it in my hand.

I knew the six stones as I knew my own features in a glass. This was the top ruby of the dexter side. They were all pierced. They had been worn by Eastern princes long, long ago.

"Isn't it heavenly?" the girl asked me once more in her sweet child's voice,

smiling up at me with her trustful, great eyes. I said:

"It is very beautiful."

"And to think that it's really and truly mine! Oh, if you'd never had anything beautiful to call your own, and then, quite suddenly, this wonderful thing! . . . I can't explain how dear to me it is and will be."

ALL at once, as we stood close, looking each into the other's eyes, I saw a sudden change sweep across her face, a look of doubt, of terror—a bleak look. She recoiled a little from me.

"This— You look at me so strangely! You don't mean— This isn't—your ruby? Oh, it isn't your ruby, is it? You don't mean I've got to give it up after—all? Tell me! Tell me!" She seemed to hold her breath.

Well, there are things one cannot do. I drew a sigh, and I think I smiled. I hope so. I said gently:

"No, I must look elsewhere." And at that the young girl seemed to draw herself up a very little and to give me a strange, straight look of gladness and, as it were, of pride.

"So," said I, "I must be going on my way. Once more I humbly beg your forgiveness for the scene you have had to witness. And I hope you will always be very, very happy as long as you live."

I looked toward Enoch Gaunt, who leaned against the wall, staring and clawing at his torn face, and so went toward the door. But once I turned back to where the red-haired girl stood erect, her hands at her breast and the Gaunt ruby between them. I asked her:

"May I know your name? I don't want to remember you nameless."

She said: "It is Diana."

I said: "It is beautiful," and went out of the room.

In the library below I found my Uncle Henry, very white, guarding Matthew Gaunt. He drew a great breath when I entered, and said: "Thank God! You're all right then. I heard shots."

Afterward he asked: "Did you find it?"

And I smiled as well as I was able, and said: "I'll tell you later. We must be off now."

I looked toward Cousin Matthew. "I suppose we ought to tie him up and gag him. He'll be shooting at us as we go."

"Handkerchiefs will do it," my uncle nodded, and tossed me his. But Matthew Gaunt said:

"You needn't trouble. I don't care for bonds and gags. I give you my word not to stir for ten minutes." I looked at him doubtfully, and he flushed red.

"I suppose you think my word is not worth much. Well, it is when it's pledged."

"I'll trust you, Cousin Matthew," said I, and he growled in his big beard something that I couldn't hear.

WE found our horses out beyond the wall where we had tethered them, and mounted in silence. I was very heavy and glum now, deep in reaction against my earlier mood. For I had betrayed my house to save an unknown girl a half-hour's pain. I wondered darkly if another time I should behave otherwise, and tried to think I should. But all the while I knew it wasn't so.

There are things one cannot do.

"Off with us!" said my Uncle Henry, and I turned my horse's head, but suddenly became aware of a tall, cloaked figure standing beside me—a darker shade in the gloom. It pressed closer still and held out something for me to take.

"What's this?" I asked.

The figure said, whispering: "It's for a noble gentleman!" gave a small parcel into my hand, and was all at once gone.

"For a noble gentleman!" I spurred after my Uncle Henry and caught him up.

He asked: "Did you speak?" And I said I thought I had seen some one beside the wall. But at the bottom of the hill I drew rein for an instant and tore the wrappings from what had been slipped into my hand.

"What's that?" my Uncle Henry asked. A flash of moonlight came down from the broken, scudding clouds and shone upon us briefly.

"It's the ruby," said I. And he laughed and said I didn't sound very gay over it; and we spurred on toward Gaunt House.

The story of the second ruby will appear in an early number under the title "Miss Meredith."

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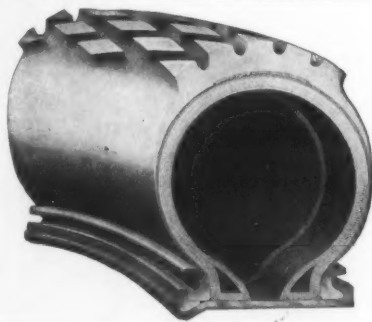
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